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The Hymns are marked from a Volume
of the Library of W. Orwell Allen Moore
who died in York during the cholera of 1862
& was a descendant of James Allen,
the compiler of the Book, to whom
the Volume 1st Edition with an Appendix
1761 originally belonged [marked J. Allen 1761]
and who has marked the Initials by the hymns
heard. The Volume is now in the possession
of Mrs Hardcastle, of Keighley, Yorkshire &
contains about 2 hundred of Hymns, copied
by the same James Allen, in his own
handwriting

Mary Hardy

Hymn Book 1789

359 A[llen] (J[ames]) and C[HRISTOPHER] B[ATTY]. A Collection of Hymns for the use of those that seek and those that have Redemption, sm. 8vo, *sheep, worn*, 15s

Kendal, 1757

This, the "*Kendal Hymn Book*," is an exceedingly rare Nonconformist collection. The authors were "Inghamites," and while Batty was responsible for 31 of the 128 hymns in the book, the editor and principal contributor was Allen. The authors of the remainder were W. Batty, John Green, Benj. Ingham, and four or five others.

J.A. 1.5.7.11.13.15.18.19.22.24.26.29.31.33.35.37.39.
40.42.44.46.49.52.54.56.60.62.64.66.67.
C.W. 1.6.8.10.17.20.23.25.28.30.38.41.45.48.50.53.
55.58.63.68.72.75.80.91.96.98.103.106.126
B.J. 3.85.

S.M. 1.14.34.47.69.88.94.98.

J.G. 9.16.

J.T. 12.37.69.77.84.

A.B. 13.20.43.79.

J.R. 27.30.65.105.106.110.115.125.

W.B. 32.59.75.82.89.93.97.128.

J.L. 63.
C.B. 29.
B.J. 2
S.M. 8
J.G. 2
J.H 5
A.B. 3
A.R. 8
W.B 8
126

70.72.74.76 78.81.83.86.87.90.92.95.97.100.102.104.107.109.110.112.113.114.116.119.118.119.120.122.123.124.

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS

For the use of those that seek, and those that have

REDEMPTION

In the

BLOOD of CHRIST.

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

James Allen & Christopher Batt

And they sung a new SONG, saying, THOU art worthy; for THOU wast slain, and hast redeemed us to GOD by thy BLOOD. *Rev.* 5. 9.

KENDAL:

Printed: by THO. ASHBURNER.

MDCCLVII.

ANGELS, and saints made perfect, do the will of God with chearfulneſs and alacrity; ſinging praiſe continually to him that ſitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever. Saints on earth, who have taſted the rich mercies of redeeming love, in their degree return thankſgiving and adoration to the Father for his everlaſting love: to the Son for the redemption wrought out by his obedience and death: and to the Holy Ghoſt, who hath called them out of darkneſs into light; revealed and applied Jeſus Chriſt to their hearts, and remains their faithful guide and comforter along the narrow way.

Indeed we can never do juſtice to the ſubject of redeeming love. But as our lips are touched with a live-coal from the altar, we learn to liſp, and ſtammer out the praiſe of the holy triune God; making melody in our hearts to the Lord; ſpeaking to ourſelves in pſalms, and hymns and ſpiritual ſongs — Singing is one part of chriſtian worſhip, and ſhould be performed with ſerioufneſs and recollection, with the ſpirit, and with the underſtanding; even as in the preſence of God our Saviour.

For the uſe of the church of God, ſomething of this kind hath been offered to their ſervice in all ages of chriſtianity. This little book makes its appearance among the reſt; not to eclipſe any uſeful work of this kind already extant; nor to intimate, as if thoſe hymns now in print were not ſufficiently ſuitable to the children of God thro' every period of grace. No: but if this our mite, ſhould contribute to the furtherance of our Redeemer's honour, and the good of ſouls; we have our reward, and ſhall rejoice on that account. And we freely acknowledge that many hymns, long ſince as well as lately printed, are in many reſpects far ſuperior to theſe. For many of the following hymns were compoſed by ſuch as are greatly deſtitute of the aids of human learning. But

these things they have learned of God; for all his children shall be so taught.—Such, as express the triumph of faith and love, the language of a heart enamoured with the beauty and excellency of Christ; and others, that speak of temptations, desertions, or indwelling corruption, may offend some people, who neither know themselves nor the power of God. But scripture-warrant is sufficient to justify us in this respect: And if, contrary to our intention, any matter or expression should be found in these hymns contradictory to the doctrine, or form of sound words delivered in the holy scriptures, we disavow it: and upon better information will retract, leave out, or amend it. We neither pretend to perfection, nor infallibility. We are conscious of our defects; and suppose, that more faults may and will be found than we are aware of. However, we mean well; and would not willingly offend any serious person in any denomination, who allows the scriptures under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, to be the STANDARD of christian principles in faith, practice, and discipline. But if any one be otherwise minded, we wish he would let these hymns alone: for we do, and must disagree with him; and we cannot help it. For our touchstone of truth is "To the law and to the testimony." Isaiah 8. 20. "We are exhorted earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. Jude 3. "*And whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God.*" 2 John 9.

Jesus Christ is our main subject in his prophetical, priestly and kingly office: for he is become the object of our faith, hope and love; and him undivided we cordially embrace and follow. We wish all our fellow-creatures the same happiness; and nothing could give us more extensive and real joy, than to behold sin and iniquity decrease; and the kingdom of grace established in the hearts of men, and maintained in all holy conversation. We now rejoice in God our Saviour; and it would still add to our joy, to see male and female, high and low, great and small, learned and unlearned, preachers and hearers submitting themselves to the God-man Jesus Christ,

the hope of glory; that he might be in all, and their all: as he is the fulneſs of him who filleth all in all.

Little Book, thou art going into a wiſe and critical world, With what paſſport wilt thou travel? or how wilt thou make thy way? under the patronage of the man of honour, of power, or of learning? or under the protection of the man of ſorrows, who is Lord and Maſter of thy authors? go forth in the name of the God of Iſrael; and may his kind hand be over thee for preſervation; and his grace with thee for edification. May his ſpecial providence direct thy courſe, and bring thee into proper hands with well diſpoſed hearts. And may the unction of his bleſſed Spirit be upon thee, covering every page with ſuch a divine dew; that the thirſty reader may catch the ſavour; and Chriſt's blood bedew his heart. So ſhall the reading, or ſinging of thee become ſweet, agreeable and edifying; tho thy dreſs be plain, and thy authors of no account.

That the knowledge of God may cover the earth, as the waters do the ſea: that the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Chriſt: and that the peace of God's children may be as a river, and their righteouſneſs as the waves of the ſea, is, courteous reader, the ardent and repeated prayer of thy well-wiſhers the authors,

I. A.
C. B. &c.

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

I.

C. M.

SWEET was the hour, the minutes ſweet,
When my Beloved me did meet,
His death to evidence:
My heart, which wounded was before,
Kindly he bound; therein did pour
Love's healing quinteſſence.

2. Death's heritage he then laid waſte;
And calm'd each ſtormy furious blaſt;
And cancell'd all my ſins:
Placing his croſs before mine eyes,
Look to me and be ſav'd, he cries,
From death thy life begins.

3. Sweet was the feaſt my heart enjoy'd;
I ate, I drank, nor was I cloy'd,
For more I thirſted ſtill:
Here let me ſtay, I longing pray'd;
Sure this is Achor's vale, I ſaid,
Or holy Tabor's hill.

4. His left hand under me was plac'd,
And his right hand my ſoul embrac'd,
His kiſſes ſweet did prove;

Safely I ſat beneath his ſhade;
Quite round my ſoul, he overſpread
His canopy of love.

5. The wat'ry deep he did divide;
The haughty tyrant's pow'r deſtroy'd,
And broke his chariots ſtrong:
Thinking he would aſſault no more,
But that I now was ſafe on ſhore,
I ſung the Hebrew's ſong.

6. I ſung aſſur'd of Jeſu's love;
Refreſh'd with manna from above,
For fleſh no more I cried:
Warm'd with the ſun's enliv'ning beams,
I laid me down at Shiloh's ſtreams,
Content and ſatisfied.

7. Untouch'd by Satan's envious crew,
Upon my fleece, like drops of dew,
His free grace did deſcend;
Strangers in vain attempt to tell
The joy immenſe, unſpeakable,
I found in Chriſt my Friend.

8. My mountain ſtrong, as Baſan, ſtood;
I thought that unbelief's ſtrong flood
Would ne'er aſſail me more:
At this my Bridegroom jealous grew,
His frequent viſits he withdrew;
And then I felt quite poor.

9. Sin, which did heretofore ſeem dead,
Reviv'd again, and rais'd its head;
This made me doubting cry,
Were all my joys but as a dream?
Still ſtill I feel I am unclean;
Help, Lord, or yet I die.

10. Like as the lonely Turtles mourn,
So griev'd I for my Lord's return;
I ſought, I call'd, I cry'd:

Tell me, Jeruſalem's daughters, tell,
Where my beloved Lord doth dwell;
And where his flocks abide.

11. His abſence Oh! I cannot bear;
Each hour, each minute ſeems a year;
Come, Jeſus, quickly come:
Was I the cauſe Thou didſt depart?
Did I, O Jeſus, grieve thy heart?
Why didſt thou go ſo ſoon?

12. If ſo, dear Lamb, I proſtrate fall,
And at thy feet for mercy call;
Pardon, forgive, paſs by:
Were not thy hands and feet bor'd through,
Thy ſide and temples wounded too,
To bring backſliders nigh?

13. Think then, dear Jeſus, on thy pain,
The toil and ſmart Thou didſt ſuſtain
To ranſom my poor heart:
Kindly, dear Lamb, return and come;
And make my heart thy conſtant home,
Nor ever more depart.

14. No more let ſable clouds of night
Arile to intercept my light;
Or earth my heart detain:
By thy dear croſs ſtill let me ſtay;
Here let me ſing my ſelf away:
And die to live again. C. W.

H. II. O Love Divine &c.

WHEN Jeſus firſt unveil'd his face,
And touch'd my heart with heav'nly grace,
My thoughts were drawn above;
Quite happy in my Saviour's arms,
Shut up from ſin's invading harms,
I triumph'd in his love.

2 Thus raviſh'd with celeſtial joys,
I overlook'd all earthly toys,
And chearfully preſs'd on;
His love out-ballanc'd all beſide;
I daily ſung the crucified,
And call'd the Lord my own.

3. But when temptations fierce aſſail'd,
My ſteadineſs and courage fail'd;
My former ſtrength decay'd;
Pleaſures of ſenſe, and worldly pride
My heart and Jeſus did divide,
Thro' which from him I ſtray'd.

4. A ſlave at once to ſin I fell,
Thoughtleſs I trod the track of hell,
And gave my luſts the rein:
Aſham'd to own my Saviour, I
My roving thoughts did gratify,
Leaving my God for ſin.

5. Scar'd by a mortal's angry frown,
My God, my Saviour, I diſown,
T' avoid the croſs and ſhame;
Countenanc'd by a human ſmile,
I fell a ſlave to my own will,
And crucified my Lamb.

6. Thus at a diſtance did I rove,
Abuſing Jeſu's grace and love,
And dark'ning ev'ry beam:
Servant to ſin I ſtray'd from God,
And trampled on his precious blood,
And vilify'd his name.

7. Yet ſtill at times I wounded was;
I knew no ſure nor laſting peace,
Had daily ſtings for ſin;
But labour'd ev'ry day and hour,
To ſtupify their force and pow'r,
To get releaſe from pain.

8. Unwilling was the dying God,
That I should trifle with his blood,
And turn my day to night;
Yet willingly I fell a prey
To sin and its destructive way,
And wander'd from the light.

9. Obnoxious thus to ev'ry ill,
Abandon'd to my corupt will,
I wallow'd in my blood;
Contentedly on husks I fed,
And caus'd the Saviour's wounds to bleed,
And griev'd my Lord and God.

10. But Oh! he saw me in my blood,
Polluted, combating with God,
And gave the sense of sin;
My grand rebellion then appear'd,
Stupid I found my heart, and fear'd
Thro' enmity within.

11. Tho' now I knew my woeful case,
My sins forbad me Jesu's grace;
My eyes o'erflow'd with tears;
No refuge, no! nor help I found,
Nothing to heal my open'd wound,
Nothing but hellish fears.

12. My pain my trouble still increas'd,
Nor in my soul one moment ceas'd;
No glimpse of hope I felt;
Thus punish'd by an angry God,
I lay debarr'd from Jesu's blood,
Oppress'd with fear and guilt.

13. Scarce durst I now for mercy call,
Condemn'd I stood, ready to fall
A victim to his wrath;
Just then his pard'ning voice I heard,
Christ in his bloody form appear'd
Pleading for me his death.

14. " He cries, I all thy ſins forgive,
" Return, return, and thou ſhalt live,
" And my free mercies taſte;
" All thy backſlidings I'll paſs by,
And love thee thro' eternity,
" Eraſing out what's paſt.

15. Abaſh'd I ſtood, aſham'd to ſee
My Saviour pleading there for me,
Who had diſown'd his name;
A holy ſhame bow'd down my ſoul,
To think the Saviour ſhou'd recall
A rebel to his train.

16. Proſtrate I fell before his feet
With bluſhing ſhame, and did entreat
For blood to make me clean;
The Lord unto my ſuit gave ear,
And eas'd my heart, and heard my pray'r,
And cleanſed me from ſin.

17. Thus freed from bondage, I did prove
The ſweets of his redeeming love,
And baſk'd in ſunny beams;
In this ſweet frame I did rejoice,
And hearken'd to my Saviour's voice,
And drank of living ſtreams.

III. Salvation O of joyful Soun

JESUS, the Saviour of my ſoul,
Be Thou my heart's delight;
Remain the ſame to me always,
My joy by day and night.

2. Hungry and thirſty after Thee,
May I be found each hour;
Humble in heart, and happy kept
By thy Almighty pow'r.

3. Oh! may I never once forget
What a poor worm I am;

From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
The blood of God's dear Lamb.

4. May thy bleſt Spirit, in my heart
Sweetly diffuſe abroad
The love of God, th' incarnate God,
Who bought me with his blood.

5. In holy reverence, I would
With all my heart retain
Th' atonement made by Jeſu's blood,
And all his wounds and pain.

6. The myſt'ry of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
And may the fleſh and blood of Chriſt
My choiceſt dainty be.

VI.

HOW ſhall I all my vileneſs own,
Or ſpeak of all the ſin I feel?
Where ſhall I find a place to moan,
Whilſt I'm an heir of death and hell?

2. Alas! I know not where to fly,
Or find a place to vent my grief;
Nor have I ſtrength enough to cry
To any, who can give relief.

3. What can a ſinner do like me,
When ſtruck by an Almighty pow'r,
And ſunk in deepeſt miſery?
Nothing but wait at mercy's door.

4. What eye can ſee, what heart can love,
What hand relieve my miſery?
None but the Saviour's from above,
Who for my ſins did bleed, and die.

5. No other object wou'd I find
To eaſe, indulge, or pleaſe my mind;
Here wou'd I leave my fruitleſs ſtrife,
And prove his death the chriſtian's life.

6. Surely in mercy he'll pass by,
And view a wretched slave of sin;
Pity will move him to come nigh,
And wash a filthy creature clean.

7. In mercy, Lord, thy creature see,
And spread thy skirt my shame to hide;
O speak the word, and I shall be
Cloath'd with thy robe, and justify'd.

8. Then shall my happy soul enjoy
A lasting peace in Thee, my God;
Then my whole bus'ness and employ
Shall be to speak of Jesu's blood.

V. We Magnifie thy grace

GIVE me, dear Lord, a tender heart,
Acquainted well with all thy smart,
Thy torments and thy pain:
And let each nail, each scourge and whip,
Each wound severe, and bloody stripe
Kindle within me thy love's flame.

2. Give me, my Lamb, a safe retreat
To sit before thy pierced feet;
There tasting thy sweet love:
I'll kiss, and wash them with my tears,
And bid adieu to all my fears,
And learn to sing with saints above.

3. Yea, let the bloody cross's tree
Ever afford delight to me;
Here let me view my God;
And from his wounds derive my bliss,
And prove how savoury Jesus is,
And feel the cleansing pow'r of blood.

4. It's pow'r doth rend the marble heart,
Doth cause the rocks to quake, to part,
The veil away to pass;

No more the outward court we tread,
But boldly thro' the Lamb our head
Enter within the holy place.

5. Our God, thro' faith's prospective glass,
We now behold in Jesu's face,
And find our pardon seal'd
By the Lamb's spirit; who thro' blood
Hath brought us to enjoy our God;
And Jesus in the heart reveal d.

6. Thanks then to Thee, for what I know
Of this great mystery below,
" Salvation comes by blood "
Since I'm thy spoil, thy name I'll praise,
And blaze the glory of thy grace,
And sound thy fame to all abroad.

VI. C B.

COVER'D with shame, O Jesus dear,
For mercy I implore;
Vouchsafe thy suppliant to hear,
Pity, relieve a sinner poor;
Surely I have withstood
Thy calls and griev'd my God.

2. Guilt, like a ghost, pursues me still,
And poisons every sweet;
Fruits of the curse I daily feel;
I feel, O Lord, the burthen great:
Hear, Jesus, hear my cry,
And do not pass me by.

3. I ask not for the fading joys
Which from the creatures spring;
No, no; the world and all its toys
Can me no solid comfort bring:
I've sought to find it here
With empty fruitless care.

4. I aſk that peace, which comes from Thee,
To eaſe my burden'd ſoul;
I aſk that fruit from off the tree,
Which makes poor fainting ſinners whole.
Hear, Jeſus, hear my cry;
Smile on me, or I die.

5. Paint in my heart the bloody tree,
Which bore the Prince of peace;
That I may feel delivery,
And ſing aloud my glad releaſe:
Jeſus, Thou ſhalt not go,
Till I the bleſſing know.

VII. *Come holy Spirit, &c.*

AUTHOR of true and ſaving faith,
That grace to me impart;
Grant me an int'reſt in thy death,
A new believing heart.

2. Diſmiſs my griefs, my ſorrows end,
My reas'ning's voice controul;
Approve thyſelf the ſinner's friend,
And bleſs my helpleſs ſoul.

3. Long have I ſought thy peace to find,
But all my ſearch is vain;
For unbelief ſtill veils my mind,
And dwelling gnaws within.

4. At times thy word's attracting beams
Hath drawn my ſoul above;
Diffuſing thro' my heart the ſtreams
Of everlaſting love.

5. Sometimes I've had a little taſte,
And thought thy coming nigh;
But ah! the bleſſing did not laſt,
The viſitant paſs'd by.

6. And muſt I ever mourning go,
A ſtranger to thy love;
Shall I be join'd with ſaints below,
And not with ſaints above?

7. Shall I beneath the goſpel ſtay,
And hear the call of grace;
And at the awful judgment-day
Be baniſh'd from thy face?

8. Oh! nay I feel a glim'ring hope,
E'er long Thou wilt me bleſs;
And at the laſt wilt raiſe me up
A kingdom to poſſeſs.

VIII. CM.

CAPTAIN of thy enliſted hoſt,
Diſplay thy glorious banner high;
Send the white horſe from coaſt to coaſt,
And call a num'rous army nigh.

2. A ſolemn jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great ſabbatic day;
Let the year of releaſe be ſeen;
Spoil ſatan of his wiſh'd for prey.

3. Bid, bid thy heralds cry aloud,
Aloud, thy honour to proclaim;
And when they ſpeak of ſprinkling blood,
The myſt'ry to the heart explain.

4. Chaſe the uſurper from his throne,
Oh! chaſe him to his deſtin'd hell;
Stout-hearted ſinners overcome;
And peaceful in thy temple dwell.

5. The wall of bigotry break down;
On each a ſhow'r of grace diſtill;
The trembling comer freely own:
The hung'ry ſoul with good things fill.

6. Now let us ſee the harmleſs doves
In numbers to the windows fly;
Returning back with olive boughs,
Proving the King of peace is nigh.

7. Fight for thyſelf, O Jeſus fight,
The travail of thy ſoul regain;
'Fore each blind ſoul make darkneſs, light;
To all make crooked paths quite plain.

8. Lead us ſafe thro' the wilderneſs;
Safely at death our ſouls remove
Ever to ſee thy ſmiling face;
Ever to ſing thy dying love.

IX. *I. G.*

I WAIT the viſits of thy grace,
My Saviour and my God;
O come, and ſhew thy ſmiling face,
And waſh me in thy blood.

2. I languiſh almoſt in deſpair;
My weary ſoul lift up;
My mournful ſinking ſpirits chear;
Open a door of hope.

3. I ſee myſelf a ſinner baſe,
Infected quite throughout:
Whate'er I have, I have by grace
Without thy grace I've nought.

4. If I for Thee would do ſomething
In honour of thy name;
There is ſo much of ſelf within,
It gives me grief and ſhame.

5. Oh! whither can I go to get
A pardon for my ſin;
But only to my Saviour's feet,
And wait and call on him?

6. Oh! that I could but once by faith
Behold him on the tree;
And see him languish there to death,
And shed his blood for me.

7. Oh! that I might but once be found
In that blest wedding-dress;
Which in my ears doth often sound,
His blood and righteousness.

8. Tis this alone can give me ease,
And heal my wounded heart;
My Saviour's blood and righteousness,
His suff'rings and his smart.

Ch. X. Thou hidden Love of God

HEAR us, O Son of David, hear,
Who in thy gracious presence stand;
Let pity move thy open ear;
Let mercy sway thy gentle hand:
If love sit smiling on thy brow,
Oh! let thy servants prove it now.

2. Like wand'ring sheep we've turn'd aside,
Far from thy fold we did depart?
Till Sinai's dreadful flames we spy'd,
Whose killing glances shook each heart:
Deep unto deep aloud now calls,
Wave over wave o'erwhelms our souls.

3. Shew pity then, Thou Shepherd good,
Who didst by blood a church obtain,
Tho' hell thy kind design withstood,
Thy arm the victory didst gain:
Do then, dear Lord, thy blood apply,
And banish'd foreigners bring nigh.

4. The guilt of sin far, far remove;
The dreadful flames of Sinai quench;

Caſt out our fear by perfect love;
Impart a laſting confidence:
Support us by thy ſtrength'ning pow'r,
In fierce temptation's trying hour.

5. This do, and never leave us, Lord,
But lead us on from faith to faith;
Feed us with thy refreſhing word,
And fix us in the goſpel path:
And when life's tedious journeys end,
A kind diſmiſſion gently ſend.

XI.

JESUS, Thou tender heart,
Give me a while to ſit,
To learn the good and needful part,
In ſtillneſs at thy feet:
Low may I bow before
The footſtool of thy grace,
And love and praiſe Thee more and more,
Till I behold thy face.

2. I AM, O glorious name!
What tribute is thy due?
Since I my God in human frame
And ſinful likeneſs view:
Thee cloath'd in fleſh and blood
I claſp cloſe in my arms;
My eyes with tears are overflow'd;
I'm won by thy dear charms.

3. Afford me free acceſs
Unto thy wounded ſide;
There would I fix my dwelling place,
And there for ever hide.
Sprinkle my heart afreſh;
The holy frame renew;
Subdue and crucify the fleſh,
And form me all anew.

XII.

STAND fast in the liberty
(Beloved sons of God,)
Wherewith Christ hath made you free,
And seal'd it with his blood:
With unwearied search pursue
The mystery of godliness,
Then his grace shall drop like dew,
And fill your hearts with peace.

2. If assaulted by the foe,
Directly to him say,
I am Christ's; for by his woe
He took my sins away;
I'm adopted thro' his pain,
Jehovah's son, an heir of faith;
I'm espoused to the Lamb,
And ransom'd by his death.

3. If a thought of sin spring up,
Or in your hearts arise;
Hasten to the door of hope,
To Jesus turn your eyes:
There you will refreshment find,
And pow'r your foes to overcome,
Grace to chear the troubled mind,
And strength to bear you home.

4. Still thro' love obey the Lamb,
And not thro' fear of death;
Nor in bondage fear his name,
But freely serve in faith:
Hearken to his mild command,
And this bless'd liberty possess;
Still unmov'd by Jesus stand,
And prize the God of grace.

5. Happy church, who haſt receiv'd
The robes of righteouſneſs,
In the Saviour's name believ'd:
O celebrate his praiſe:
Saints who ſtand before the throne
With everlaſting glory crown'd,
One with God, with Jeſus one,
His merits loudly ſound.

XIII. Father Son & Holy

HOW ſhall I my caſe relate,
Or utter forth my want;
Speak my preſent helpleſs ſtate,
Or half my blackneſs paint!
Vileſt of the ſons of men,
A monſter of iniquity;
Frankly now confeſs my ſhame,
And own my miſery.

2. Baſe, unworthy, and unclean,
Juſt at the point to die;
Wallowing in my filth and ſin,
For grace I faintly cry:
See me, Lord, defil'd in blood,
Obſerve and help me thro' my toil:
Eaſe me of my heavy load,
And calm my ruffled ſoul.

3. Bid the winds and waves be ſtill,
Theſe warring ſtorms within;
Break my ſtubborn ſtupid will,
And mould it into thine:
Quell the tempter's furious rage,
And baffle all his baſe deſigns;
Lord, on my behalf ingage,
And conquer all my ſins.

4. Take away this noxious weed,
This ſullen unbelief;
Sow the pure immortal ſeed
Unto eternal life:
Viſit, Lord, my lukewarm frame,
And drop a coal of ſacred fire;
Raiſe within my heart a flame
Of infinite deſire.

5. Keep me in a humble mind,
Still leaning on thy breaſt;
Till within thy arms I find
A happy peaceful reſt;
Guide my fluctuating heart
Into the fold of goſpel-grace;
Never from thy child depart,
Till I the crown poſſeſs.

6. From the world's deluſive ſmiles,
And from my houſhold foes,
From the ſerpents ſubtle wiles
Save me, and plead my cauſe:
Hold me faſt in thy embrace,
And arm me with the ſhield of faith,
Till I ſee thy ſmiling face
Amidſt the pangs of death.

XIV.

JESUS, with uplifted hands
Mark'd with wounds ſo bloody,
'Midſt his choſen people ſtands,
Cheriſhing his body.

2. From thy fulneſs, Lord, impart
Grace and peace for ever;
Let us drink from thy pierc'd heart
Life as from a river.

3. We would nothing taſte or know,
But Thee crucified:

Let thy blood on each heart flow,
Till we're ſanctified.

4. To enjoy thy death and ſmart,
Lord, our ſouls do languiſh;
Deep impreſs on every heart
All thy pain and anguiſh.

5. When we feel thy love's ſtrong flame,
Sin is diſpoſſeſsed:
Grant us this, O gracious Lamb,
When we are diſtreſsed.

6. As thy croſs's ſubjects we
Wait thy ſpirit's motion;
Where and when to follow thee,
Shall be our devotion.

7. To thy name for evermore
Be praiſe and glory given;
None on earth will we adore,
None but Thee in heaven.

XV. *J. A.*

MY Saviour's love runs thro' and thro' my heart,
While I review his ſufferings and ſmart;
Fain wou'd I chaunt his praiſe while here beneath,
And mention make with gladneſs of his death.

2. Up Calv'ry's mount the Man of ſorrows climbs,
In weakneſs drags along his wearied limbs;
Upon his ſhoulders raw he bears the wood,
Bedew'd, beſmear'd with his own precious blood.

3. Uplifted there an enſign he is made,
And with his blood our debt immenſe hath paid,
What torture then aſſails, what keeneſt ſmart
Strikes thro' his ſoul, and wounds his very heart!

4. He makes atonement for the creature's ſin,
He wipes away each deep contracted ſtain,
Wreſtles beneath the curſe of Sinai's law,
And all the pains of hell doth undergo.

5. He reconciles the attributes divine,
And makes each with peculiar luſtre ſhine;
He bears our doom, ſuſtains our heavy load,
And labours hard beneath the wrath of God.

6. Weep, weep, ye ſons of men, relenting view
His ſacred body rack'd and ſlain for you;
Behold his mangl'd perſon, bath'd in gore,
His pierced hands and feet ſo rudely tore.

7. Here look and love — The God of nature dies;
No other ranſom could for ſin ſuffice.
Learn to account all other matters droſs,
And triumph only in the Saviour's croſs.

XVI. *I. G.*

O DEAREST Saviour, pleaſe to look on me,
And draw my heart with cords of love to Thee.
O ſave me from the world's enſnaring bait,
And grant that I may humbly on Thee wait.

2. Thou know'ſt how apt I am, O Lord, to change,
How oft my thoughts upon the world do range:
Keep them, dear Jeſus, keep them conſtantly
Steady, unſhaken, ever fix'd on Thee.

3. Sometimes I taſte of thy refreſhing grace;
And then for other things there is no place;
My heart doth ſweetly flow with love to Thee;
I prove the grace for ev'ry comer free.

4. Oh! that I were but always in this frame;
How cou'd I love and praiſe my Saviour's name!
Thus, thus, O Jeſus, let it ever be;
Then will I ſing thy praiſe eternally.

Cv. XVII. O Love Divine

RISE up, my ſpouſe, thy Bridegroom waits
Unwearied at thy temple's gates
Thy fainting ſoul to chear;
Open to me, I will thee bleſs;
I'll cloath thee with my righteouſneſs,
And diſſipate thy fear.

2. All reas'ning thoughts I will remove,
Give thee to feel my dying love,
Thy ſoul to captivate;
Upon my head the dews diſtill,
The cooling drops my locks do fill,
While I to bleſs thee wait.

3. What pleaſing voice is this I hear?
Soul, 'tis the Lamb thy Maſter dear,
'Tis Jeſus none but he:
Oh! bid me, Jeſus, bid me come;
And take a weary trav'ler home;
I long to be ſet free.

4. Let my poor ſoul in Thee find reſt,
Of ev'ry burden me diveſt;
Clearly thy love diſplay;
Screen me beneath the cooling ſhade,
Which was for weary pilgrims made
To chear them by the way.

XVIII. I. t.

OH! how glorious is that myſtery,
Into which the Angels look and pry!
Who can tell the height and depth,
Know the utmoſt length and breadth
Of that love, which forc'd the Lamb to die?

2. We are learners in the ſchool of grace,
Feeling ſomething of the blood-bought peace;

Tho' 'tis little that we know
Of the Saviour here below;
Yet we ſoon ſhall ſee him face to face.

3. Oh! what raptures then ſhall fill each tongue,
When our hearts with gladneſs join in one,
To ſing glory to the name
Of the worthy ſlaughter'd Lamb,
And his grace with thankfulneſs to own.

4. Then the Saviour ſhall himſelf diſplay,
And his perſon ſhall ſuch pow'r convey;
That our ſouls muſt leave their droſs
Purg'd by virtue of the croſs;
And ſpring forth into eternal day.

XIX. *Jth.*

THE God, whoſe ſmiles we court,
Whoſe favours we do claim;
Whoſe love alone new life imparts,
And gives the heav'nly flame;
Is none, but the meek Lamb,
Our dear exalted Lord;
Whoſe grace and ſpirit ſtill remain
To bleſs us in his word.

2. His promiſe is the ſame
His church below to bleſs;
When they aſſemble in his name
To ſupplicate his grace:
A train of ſinners poor
He will not caſt behind;
But keeps his word for evermore,
And bears us on his mind.

3. To our relief he flies,
He flies from realms above;
Anſwers our pray'rs in ſweet replies,
And tokens of his love:

Shall we not witneſs bear
How faithful he hath been;
And boldly to the world declare,
We've his ſalvation ſeen?

4. Yes, if thou'lt help us, Lord,
Thy name we will confeſs;
And ſpeak of Chriſt the living word,
The Lord our righteouſneſs.
We'll mention to his praiſe
The triumphs of his death;
And ſing his everlaſting grace,
Ev'n with our lateſt breath.

XX. C.M.

WHEN to Calv'ry's mount I haſten,
And my Lamb in ſpirit ſee;
Tortur'd, mangl'd, and forſaken,
As he there expir'd for me;
O how ſweet a proſpect this is!
O how pleaſant is the grace!
When I with a thouſand kiſſes
Can his wounded corpſe embrace.

2. Peter-like I then am caring
How to tabernacle here;
His love-marks are ſo endearing,
Scourges, wounds and ev'ry ſcar:
Here alone his ſheep find paſture,
Here they feed, and ſafely lie;
Here no unforſeen diſaſter
Jeſu's lambs can terrify.

3. Conſtantly I here might center,
Did not my unſtable heart
Fooliſhly let trifles enter,
And from my dear huſband ſtart:

Oh! 'tis that alone that grieves me,
This alone creates my pain;
'Tis not in his heart to leave me,
No: He changeleſs doth remain.

4. Oh! my Lamb, I aſk a favour,
Let my ſoul from henceforth be
Rooted, ſettled, grounded ever
On Thee to eternity.
Call me back but not in anger,
If I chance to ſtray from Thee;
Timely then I ſhun the danger;
Grace prevents my miſery.

An. XXI. Love Divine &c.

WHEN by faith I ſee i'th garden
Jeſus ſweating for my ſoul,
Bearing on his heart my burden;
My ſtout heart begins to fall:
Likewiſe when I ſee him bearing
Up the hill the heavy wood,
And the place where whips did tear him,
While he patient lamblike ſtood.

2. When I read this doleful ſtory,
Oh! it gives me great concern;
Thus to bruiſe the Lord of glory,
Oh! my inmoſt bowels yearn:
Sinner, come, look at him yonder;
Then thou'lt ſurely love, like me,
Him, whoſe love than death was ſtronger,
Dearer than his liberty.

3. Still I love him and adore him,
While in life I am confin'd;
I will lay my wants before him,
For I find him ever kind;
Like us was he found in faſhion
With us for to ſympathize:

Oh! is heart is all compaſſion:
Broken hearts he'll ne'er deſpiſe.

4. Still, O Lord, I would, like Mary,
Lie in peace at thy pierc'd feet;
Free from life's perplexing hurry,
Thy tormented corpſe to greet;
Here I can in ſafety harbour;
Here at leiſure I recount
All the tedious toil and labour
Thou ſuſtaind'ſt on my account.

LXXII. Moses & y Lamb

AH! my redeeming Lord,
Was ever love like thine!
For ever be that name ador'd,
Which ſav'd this ſoul of mine;
So deeply ſunk in ſin,
So proud and ſo perverſe:
The rebel nature rul'd within,
And I obey'd its courſe.

2. A wanderer abroad
In ſin's high-way I ſtray'd,
Forgetful of my dying God;
And there had ever ſtay'd;
Had He, whom I abus'd,
Forgot his careleſs one;
Or his ſalvation me refus'd;
The wretch had been undone.

3. But He in love paſs'd by,
Which wounded me with ſmart;
My blaſted hopes begun to die,
And ſorrow fill'd my heart:
Thus inwardly diſtreſt,
I ſunk beneath his feet;
And humbly ſmiting on my breaſt,
For mercy did entreat.

4. Quickly ſhone forth the light
In blaze of goſpel-day;
And Chriſt appear'd before my ſight,
And took my ſins away.
I found my heart reliev'd
And ſtay'd upon my God,
The goſpel-record I believ'd,
And felt the ſprinkling blood

5. And now my one concern
Shall be to tell his praiſe;
And in the ſchool of grace to learn
Thankſgiving all my days:
My deareſt Lord, renew
The evidencing pow'r;
And let a melting ſhame enſue
To keep me low and poor.

C. M. XXIII. O Love Divine &c.

BRIDE of the Lamb, up to the ſkies
Let daily praiſe, like incenſe, riſe
To join with theirs above.
Worthy is he, that once was ſlain
A race of rebels to regain,
To have our choiceſt love.

2. Into this ark with great amaze
The winged Seraphs wond'ring gaze,
Redeeming love to trace;
Should mortals, who in part have found
Redemption thro' the Saviour's wounds,
Refuſe to ſhout freegrace?

3. Cry then to our Redeemer dear,
(He loves his people's voice to hear,)
Tho' men and devils frown:
E'er long we him in clouds ſhall ſee,
Clothed in pomp and majeſty,
His ranſom'd flock to own.

4. Show'r down thy grace, O Jesus, now;
Thro' every vessel let it flow,
Each sick'ning plant to chear;
Rooted in Thee, O may we stand
Unshaken, waiting thy command,
And love thy voice to hear.

5. In spirit, Lord, let us Thee greet,
And sit with Mary at thy feet,
Weeping to see Thee torn
In back, and feet, and hands; likewise
Press'd down with our infirmities,
And pain'd with pricking thorn.

6. Freedom to every heart proclaim;
In every heart, O Jesus, reign;
Each prisoner set free;
Cure, Jesus, each disorder'd mind;
Give every one with joy to find
Eternal life in Thee.

XXIV. I. A.

HOW, my Belov'd, shall I express
The present happiness I share;
With joy my heart can now confess,
That Jesu's name is written there.

2. I, who on husks but lately fed,
A prodigal estrang'd from God;
Now eat the true and heav'nly bread,
And feed on more than Angel's food.

3. He clasps me in his arms of grace,
And marks me for his blood-bought-one;
While I thro' faith behold his face,
And feel I'm his adopted son.

4. Sunk in love's bottomless abyss,
With Saints and Angels now I join;

I cannot but the Lamb careſs
In melody, and ſongs divine.

5. Yet ſtill I inly thirſt, while here,
The happy life of faith to live;
More choice and riper fruit to bear,
Till I on Sion's ſhore arrive.

6. Let me purſue the path begun,
Gladly therein my days to ſpend;
Till all my pilgrimage is done,
And faith and hope in glory end.

XXV. C.M.

DID Lameck's ſon an ark provide,
The little remnant ſafe to hide
From the o'erflowing deluge?
Which, high above the earth did riſe,
Teem'd thro' the windows of the ſkies,
And ſwept away each refuge:
Their ſin
Had been
Great and crying,
Sorely grieving
The Lord Jeſus;
Who in patience long purſues us.

2. Like them, O Lord, I did provoke
Thy love, and the right path forſook,
Thereby thy ſpirit grieving:
Yea, when thou didſt my heart o'ercome,
From Thee I fooliſhly did run
To things tho' unrelieving:
I found
No ground
To abide in,
Or reſide in
Out of danger
From the hand of the avenger.

3. Put forth thy hand, (thou loving Friend,
Once in a fleſhly frame confin'd,)
Which often bleſs'd thy people;
Pull me ſafe into Salem's tent,
Releaſe me from my baniſhment,
And make me thy diſciple:
Convert
My heart,
That my ſpirit
In thy merit
Still may center:
And for full ſalvation venture.

4. With thy pure love fill my poor heart;
Apply thy blood to every part:
Then tho' the waters threaten,
And fiercely do my ſoul aſſail,
The gates of hell can ne'er prevail;
I ſhall remain unſhaken:
Till I
Do fly
To the mountain,
Where the fountain
Of rich pleaſures
Flows at thy right hand in rivers.

XXVI. *I. A.*

WHEN to the croſs I raiſe my eyes,
My heart is fill'd with ſtrange ſurprize
My Jeſus to diſcover;
I bow in ſilence, and adore
His ſacred perſon bath'd in gore,
And weep o'er him my lover;
To ſee
How he
There doth languiſh
Thro' deep anguiſh,
Life regaining;
Peace for ſinners thus obtaining.

2. With lamblike meekneſs he ſuſtains
Sin's curſe, and death's moſt bitter pains
In lieu of guilty traitors;
He lies beneath Almighty frowns,
His heart is rent with ſighs and groans;
Yet burns towards his creatures:
I thirſt,
Says Chriſt;
While his body
Pierc'd and bloody
Love proclaimeth;
Love which never never faileth.

3. One reads it in each open'd vein;
Diſcerns it in each flowing ſtream,
While he the world redeemed:
My Lord, I own Thee my Belov'd;
Unto my heart Thou art approv'd,
And more than life eſteemed;
Dear Lamb,
I am
Quite amazed,
And abaſed
Thro' thy mercy,
Love divine and tender pity.

4. With me ſelf ever be abhorr'd;
The Nazarene my only Lord,
My heart's chief joy and comfort;
This be my portion all my days,
By faith my Saviour to embrace,
And honour him my conſort:
Adieu
To you,
Worldly pleaſures;
I have treaſures
In my Saviour;
I will triumph in his favour.

5. Oh! that my God I fully knew;
That I his wounds might always view
Therein to find my heaven;
To prove his blood the healing balm;
To look upon each heav'nly palm,
And read my name engraven:
Then I
Would cry,
O my Saviour,
Thou art ever
Moſt delicious,
'Midſt ten thouſand lovers precious.

XXVII. Thou hidden Lover

YE weary wanderers draw near,
That know no ſolid peace or reſt;
Lay by each doubt and anxious fear,
And lean upon your Saviour's breaſt;
All's ſtolen fruit that can be found
To chear the ſoul on nature's ground.

2. Come, for the goſpel bids you come,
Jeſus for ſinners bled and died;
The ſacred word reports there's room;
The Lamb he woes you for his bride;
Your ſouls ſhall find a reſting place
In arms of everlaſting grace.

3. The day of ſmall things don't deſpiſe;
By poverty encreaſe your ſtore;
The happy ſoul, that's truly wiſe,
Can richer grow by being poor:
To melt in love, to ſink in ſhame,
This be my wiſh, be that my flame!

4. Give me a ſympathizing ſoul
To bear thy ſufferings on my heart,
Thy pain and agonizing toil;
Nor let me from this viſion part:

Then ſhall I heartily rejoyce,
And raiſe to Thee my grateful voice.

5. All earthly objects now give way,
Nature and creature both reſign;
On Thee by faith myſelf I'll ſtay,
And taſte the power of love divine:
Redemption in thy blood I've found,
My anchor's caſt on ſacred ground.

XXVIII. C.M.

UP to the land where Jeſus reigns
At his Almighty Father's ſide,
Let praiſes riſe in higheſt ſtrains:
For why? the conqu'ror freely died.

2. Guilty at juſtice's bar we ſtood,
Then flew the Lamb to our relief;
With garments dy'd in his own blood,
Expir'd beneath our ſin and grief.

3. God's threaten'd judgments to remove,
Our ev'ry enemy to foil;
Stronger than death was Jeſu's love:
Oh! come and be his croſs's ſpoil.

4. Unſprinkled with his blood we die,
Die; never to behold his face;
In vain we to the rocks ſhall cry
To ſave us from the dire diſgrace.

5. The offer'd mercy now receive;
Fix on the rock, where Iſrael ſtands;
He loves the helpleſs to relieve;
He holds the pardon in his hands.

6 And ſhall he call, and we refuſe?
Shall Jeſus court and we deny?
How dare we thus his grace abuſe?
Turn ſinners, turn; why will you die?

XXIX. L. L. Come let us adore

THE God of salvation, Jehovah by name,
Who yesterday, now, and for ever's the same;
From earth and hell's borders me, me He hath sav'd,
And death of its sting hath my Jesus bereav'd.

2. No ghastly appearance it now can put on;
Of this 'tis depriv'd, for the battle is won:
Yea, world, flesh and devil from me must recede,
And leave me for Jesus, because he did bleed.

3. His blood is my ransom; the captive is his,
Redeem'd from my bondage to enter on bliss:
A son thro' my birth, by adoption an heir,
The kingdom of glory with Jesus to share.

4. His blood my sins drowneth, and speaks them forgiv'n,
Bought me a poor slave to be freeman of heav'n;
And gain'd by atonement the favour divine;
Thro' which the possession at last shall be mine.

5. His spirit, as witness, as earnest, and seal
Of all these rich blessings, I inwardly feel;
His whispers divine do my freedom proclaim,
And opens an union with God and the Lamb:

6. An union whose bonds are both stedfast and sure;
In which I thro' grace can live happy and pure;
The bridegroom's embraces with rapture I know;
And all thro' the blood which from Jesus did flow.

7. What tho' I'm so helpless, I know he'll supply
My weakness with grace, as I on him rely;
And I shall be happy the Lamb to adore,
And praise him, now, henceforth, and for evermore.

C. B. XXX.

O MY Lamb! I've often mused
On thy wond'rous love to me;
How I have the same abused;
Slighted, disregarded Thee;

To thy Church and Thee a ſtranger,
Pleas'd with what, diſpleaſed Thee;
Loſt, yet could perceive no danger,
Wounded, yet no wound cou'd ſee.

2. But unwearied Thou purſu'dſt me;
Still thy calls repeated came;
'Till on Calvary's mount I view'd Thee
Bearing my reproach and blame;
Then I bluſh'd with ſhame, and ſorrow'd,
Thus to ſee each mangl'd limb;
Hands, feet, ſide, and back all furrow'd;
'Till blood round thy croſs did ſwim.

3. I no more at Mary wonder,
When I ſee her all in tears;
When her ardent zeal I ponder
To find out her Maſter dear;
No: ſhe ſenſibly was melted
By her Lord's attracting pow'r:
How could he then be neglected!
How cou'd ſhe but love him more!

4. Oh! my Lamb, let Mary's feeling
Ev'ry hour in me abide;
Sin ſhall then, however pleaſing,
Never me from Thee divide;
Led by this divine ſenſation
Flowing from each open'd wound,
I ſhall in whatever ſtation
Be content, and faithful found.

XXXI. Love Divine &c.

SAVIOUR, can'ſt Thou love a traitor,
Can'ſt Thou love a child of wrath?
Can a hell-deſerving creature
Be the purchaſe of thy death?

Me, who has my hands imbrued
In thy all-atoning blood;
Me, who has my Saviour wounded,
Can'ſt Thou pardon, O my God?

2. Is thy blood ſo efficacious,
As to make my nature clean?
Is thy ſacrfice ſo precious,
As to free me from my ſin?
Can this evil filthy nature
E'er be clean, or pure, or whole?
Can thy grace, my dear Creator,
Puriſy my ſpotted ſoul?

3. Hell within my ſoul doth center;
And my heart's a den of thieves:
Merchandizing ſpirits enter;
This thy holy Spiirt grieves:
Welt'ring in my blood, I languiſh
For the twilight of thy grace;
Fill me, Lamb, in lieu of anguiſh
With the bleſſing of thy peace.

4. See me in my preſent ſtation;
View me in my grievous frame,
Wallowing in my own corruption,
Gaſping for a Saviour's name:
Peter-like I ſink, I periſh,
Save me, Lord, or elſe I die;
With thy grace my faintings cheriſh;
View, O view me, as I lie.

5. Sin on every hand ſurrounds me;
No acquittance can I hear;
Pangs of unbelief confound me;
Oh! my grief I cannot bear:
Here then is my reſolution
At thy deareſt feet to fall;
Here I'll meet with condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.

6. Now deny thy grace and mercy,
If thou can'ſt, to wretched me;
Lay aſide thy love and pity,
If Thou can'ſt, and let me die:
If I meet with condemnation,
Juſtly I deſerve the ſame;
If I meet with free ſalvation;
I will magnify thy name.

XXXII. *W.B.*

HOW bleſt are they whoſe feet have found
The way unto Immanuel's ground;
And ſtedfaſtly do walk therein,
Far from the crooked paths of ſin.

2. Their weary ſpirits ſweetly reſt
Contentedly on Jeſu's breaſt;
They ſo much of his mercy prove,
As that they cannot help but love.

3. In peace their hearts enjoy the Lamb,
Who once was wrapt in human frame;
They view within his bloody rays
The object of eternal praiſe.

4. His ſpirit ſhews their ſins forgiv'n,
And ſeals them for the heirs of heav'n;
And gives them patience here to wait,
Till Jeſus them to bliſs tranſlate.

5. He arms them 'gainſt the evil day;
And while in heart with him they ſtay,
He girds them with his mighty pow'r,
And brings them thro' the trying hour.

6. Then reſt, my ſoul, upon thy Lord,
Ev'n Jeſus Chriſt the living word;
And then thy joy ſhall ne'er decay,
Till it break out in endleſs day.

XXXIII. Thou hidden Love &c

FAR from my God I long have stray'd,
Guided and rul'd by nature's fire;
My lusts I eagerly obey'd,
And gratify'd each vain desire:
A creature vile, a foul unclean,
A wand'rer have I been in sin.

2. Push'd on by Satan's envious rage,
Thro' paths forbidden did I rove;
Against my Lord in heart engage,
Forgetful of redeeming love:
Pleasures of sense still bore the sway,
And led the captive slave away.

3. Thus did I wander far from home,
Far from my Father's house of peace;
'Till Jesus gently bid me come,
And sway'd my soul with sov'reign grace:
He cries; "Come hither, mine thou art,"
I heard the call; it reach'd my heart.

4. Quickly to him my thoughts were drawn,
With joy my Bridegroom to embrace;
All my affections join in one
To laud him for this act of grace:
In dust and ashes I abhor
My sinful self for evermore.

5. Ah! Lord to Thee what have I done?
How oft thy calls of grace withstood?
How vainly worship'd Thee unknown,
'Till conquer'd by thee pow'r of blood?
At last thro' Thee I pardon prove,
And live a monument of love.

6. By sin no longer I'm deceiv'd;
No more it's whisperings attend;
I know in whom I have believ'd;
On whom for mercy I depend:

Grounded on Chriſt the corner-ſtone;
I'll live and die to him alone.

XXXIV. S.M

HOW ſhall I ſpeak my Saviour's worth,
Or tell the love he bears to me!
Shall I begin to ſing his birth,
And follow him to Calvary?

2. Yes, this I'll tell my brethren dear,
And call them to receive his grace:
For now his righteouſneſs is near,
And free for all the fallen race.

3. His tender arms are open ſtill
Returning ſinners to receive;
Steady his mind, and fixt his will,
To ſave whoever ſhall believe.

4. Ye pris'ners, to the refuge fly,
His wounds, a covert from the ſtorm;
Why ſhould you languiſh here and die,
When ſav'd you may be from all harm?

5. He waits with pardons in his hand,
And longs that you the ſame might ſhare;
Come, ſinners, at his mild command;
His name forbids your hearts to fear.

XXXV. L.M

DEAR Lord, we crave thy preſence;
We thirſt thy grace to prove;
We cannot bear thy abſence,
Nor live without thy love;
Come, make us all one ſpirit
In Thee, our common Lord;
And let thy blood and merit
True gladneſs here afford.

2. Thy infinite compaſſion
Once mov'd Thee to come down;
To work out our ſalvation,
Thou left'ſt thy Father's throne:
Again repeat the favour,
And make our ſpices flow;
And let us feel the ſavour
Of thy perfumes below.

3. O ſweeteſt bleſſed Jeſus,
Now ſpecify thy worth;
And let thy name be precious,
As ointment poured forth:
Diſplay thy bloody banner
Before the eye of faith;
And get thyſelf the honour,
Both in our life and death.

HYMN XXXVI. Love Divine

COME, deſcend, O heav'nly ſpirit,
Fan each ſpark into a flame;
Let us bleſſings, Lord, inherit,
Bleſſings, that we cannot name:
Whilſt Hoſannahs we are ſinging,
May our hearts in rapture move;
Feel freſh grace in them ſtill ſpringing;
Breathe the air of pureſt love.

2. Let us ſwim in grace's ocean,
Float on that unbounded ſea;
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free;
On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
Screen'd from every envious foe:
Love, O love, for ſinners bleeding,
Whither from Thee ſhall we go?

3. Keep us, Lord, ſtill in communion
Daily nearer drawn to Thee;
Sinking in the myſtick union
Of the Church's myſtery:
Keep us, ſafe from each deluſion,
Well protected from all harms;
Free from ſin and all confuſion:
Circle us within thine arms.

4. Let faith view thy body broken
For us worms upon the tree;
Thy blood ſhed be our ſure token,
That, my God, w'ere lov'd of Thee
Grant us fruits of thy dear off'ring;
May our ſouls the bleſſing prove;
Warm our hearts firſt with thy ſuff'ring,
Then our tongues ſhall praiſe thy love.

XXXVII.

DEAREST Huſband of thy purchas'd bride,
From thy fulneſs be her wants ſupply'd;
Yield to each a due increaſe;
Water all the plants of grace
With the blood-ſtream guſhing from thy ſide.

2. Make thy Zion bloſſom like a roſe;
All her borders graciouſly incloſe;
Keep us undefil'd and clean,
Free from all the ſpots of ſin;
Conquer in us all our inbred foes.

3. Guard thy children from the tempter's pow'r,
'Till their warfare in the world be o'er;
From his malice us defend;
Keep us ſafe unto the end,
Humble, happy, uncorrupt, and pure.

4. Then ſhall we triumphantly ariſe,
Meet our Jeſus gladly in the ſkies:

His ſweet look ſhall quick impart
Joys immortal to the heart;
Tears ſhall vaniſh from the weeping eyes.

CH XXXVIII. Come ye that Love

COME, ſeek the better part,
Ev'n Jeſus who was ſlain;
Which Mary ſought with all her heart,
Till ſhe the ſame did gain:
She would the bleſſing ſhare,
Reſolv'd to hear the word;
Uncumber'd by her ſiſter's care,
She hung upon her Lord.

2. Unwearied at his feet
She ſupplicating lay;
Here for the bleſſing did ſhe wait,
Nor empty went away.
His every look was dear,
Dear to the humble ſaint;
Here did ſhe looſe in love her fear;
Here did ſhe looſe her want.

3. Her care was at an end,
Her mis'ry muſt depart;
She'd got her neareſt deareſt friend
Into her houſe and heart.
But cumber'd Martha cries,
Maſter, how canſt Thou ſee
My Siſter unconcerned lie;
Oh! bid her ſerve with me.

4. Martha, our Lord replies,
Thou haſt a cumber'd heart;
Thy Siſter Mary, truly wiſe,
Hath choſe the better part.
Come, Friends, purſue with care,
Till Mary's path you find;
Why ſhould the world your hearts enſnare?
Leave Martha's things behind.

5. Arise, your garments shake,
Put Jesu's armour on;
Fight, 'till you happiness partake,
Fight, 'till you gain the crown:
Soldiers of Christ, arise,
After your captain go;
Who fought his way to paradise
Thro' dreary scenes of woe.

Air XXXIX. Come let us adore.

Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd, and Friend,
Thy child from the fury of Satan defend;
Thy presence continue, thy blessing convey,
And grant me a spirit to praise and to pray.

2. Prevent and assist me, and so shall I run;
And perfect within me, the work Thou'st begun;
And then let the world me reject and despise,
Thy grace for my wants shall for ever suffice.

3. A mind quite resign'd, Lord, impart unto me,
Affections from trifles quite weaned and free;
May nothing take place, nor partake of my heart,
Which may cause my Saviour, or me any smart.

4 Still go Thou before me, and guide me aright;
Thy grace be my feeling, thy wounds my delight;
Thy will be my pleasure, thy honour my aim;
My element only, the blood of the Lamb.

5. This, this, be my portion; thy beauty my song;
Thy name and thy praises still dwell on my tongue:
Direct by thy spirit my actions and ways;
So shall I inherit thy blessing always.

6. Amen——God Jehovah, in me now fulfill
Whatever Thou pleasest, whate'er is thy will:
I poor dust and ashes, my all do resign,
And wish that my heart may be thine and not mine.

XL. Children of ye Heavenly &c

JESU, Jesu, King of saints,
Known to Thee are all my wants;
Self-convicted, self-abhor'd,
I approach Thee, dearest Lord.

2. Known to Thee whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim;
With an eye of love look down;
Help, O help me very soon.

3. Still I feel a fleshly part,
Much corruption in my heart;
Oh! I'm very vile indeed,
Of thy blood I sure have need.

4. Break, O break this heart of stone,
Form it for thy use alone;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

5. This be my support in need,
That Thou didst so freely bleed;
Hence, my hopes and joys arise
From thy bloody sacrifice.

6. This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick;
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my ev'ry want.

7. Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise the Shepherd's care;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Let me feel a constant peace.

C.M. XLI. Come Holy Spirit &c?

JESUS, vouchsafe to hear the cry
Of a poor feeble heart;

Reach out thy hand and draw me nigh,
Nor let me thence depart.

2. My ſtate deplorable appears,
Clearly the ſame I ſee;
But yet alas! can ſhed no tears,
Nor feel my miſery.

3. Beneath thy word, the goſpel word,
Careleſs and cold I ſit;
My heart is hard, extremely hard,
Dear Jeſus, ſoften it.

4. To others, Lord, Thou doſt convey
Thy cheering beams when crav'd;
And muſt I ever go away
Empty, and unreliev'd.

5. Thunder upon my heart, dear Lord,
And make each corner ſhake;
That I may melt beneath thy word,
And of thy bliſs partake.

6. Lord, give me patience, give me more,
Untill that hour appear,
When I in heart can Thee adore,
And feel Thee inly near.

XLII. *J. A.* Moses & y Lamb.

DEAR Lord, attend my pray'r,
And all my wants relieve;
Come to my heart, and dwell Thou there,
That Thou in me may'ſt live.

2. In weakneſs I draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace;
Anſwer the ſinners mournful cry,
And fill me with thy peace.

3. Thou read'ſt my naked breaſt,
For liberty I groan;

I ſigh in Thee, my Lord, to reſt,
And worſhip Thee alone.

4. Fain would I hate my ſin,
And ponder on thy love;
Till all be ſanctified within,
And my whole heart's above.

5. If trials vex my mind,
Cloſe to thy wounds I'll flee;
No refuge may I elſewhere find,
No refuge but in Thee.

6. To Thee I recommend
My poor and trembling ſoul;
On Thee for future grace depend,
Who art my all in all.

HYMN. XLIII. Thou hidden Love, &c.

Pſalm. 336

O H! that my heart, this very hour
Might be enamour'd with thy love;
That heav'nly ſweetneſs, joy, and pow'r
I beg, dear Lamb, this day to prove:
O ſend it, that I may abide
Faithful, and walk cloſe by thy ſide.

2. Send love into the ſinner's heart,
That I my pardon clear may feel;
May feel the life ſpring from thy ſmart,
Sin's deadly wounds to cure and heal:
Hear, Jeſus, hear my feeble cry;
I fainting at thy footſtool lie.

3. Vain are all other helps beſide,
Such favours only from Thee flow;
Other Phyſicians have I try'd,
Yet only worſe and worſe I grow:
Give me by faith to touch thy hem,
And bid my running ſore be clean.

XLIV.

THOU Lamb of God once ſlain,
Think now upon thy pain;
And before the mercy-ſeat
Let thy merits interceed;
Plead for us thy bloody ſweat,
Pour down bleſſings on our head.

2. Our ſouls with inmoſt ſhame
Addreſs thy holy name;
Here to find thee inly near,
Preſent to each waiting ſoul:
Every drooping ſinner chear,
Breathe thy ſpirit thro' the whole.

3. We ſinners humbly crave
Thy preſence here to have;
In this place to find Thee true
To thy promiſes of grace;
Still to own the gather'd few,
Giving them thy life and peace.

4. Each hind'rance, Lord, remove
By pouring in thy love;
Let thoſe gaping wounds of thine
Sparkling to our hearts appear;
With peculiar luſtre ſhine;
Gladden ev'ry ſinner here.

5. From thy majeſtic throne
In mercy, Lord, look down;
View the ſouls athirſt for Thee,
Take them to thy kind embrace;
Each adores with bended knee
All the glories of thy grace.

6. No more we want below
Than Thee, our God, to know;
Thee to love with keen deſire
Soften'd thro' the pow'r of blood;

Fill'd with the angelic fire,
Fill'd with all the life of God.

C.M. XLV. O Love Divine how Sweet

ZION, arise, thy garments shake;
Of thy dear Husband's worth partake:
Oh! call his blessings down;
Thy wants are great — But Jesus died;
He loves to see them well supply'd;
He makes thy case his own.

2. Strangers in heart we lately were,
Until our Jesus brought us near
By his attracting pow'r;
Break out all ye in songs aloud,
Who feel redemption thro' his blood,
And our High-priest adore.

3. O Jesus, now we humbly pray?
Be gracious to thy church to-day;
Thy saving health impart;
The dew of heav'n on us distill,
With love each empty vessel fill,
And chear the drooping heart.

4. Cut ev'ry cord, that binds us here,
Us from our ev'ry hind'rance tear;
Give us a single heart:
Give grace to tread down self and sin;
Give grace eternal life to win,
E'er we from hence depart.

J.A. XLVI.

YE sinners join in praise,
To Christ your voices raise;

His due honour loud proclaim,
Who for rebels freely dy'd;
Who, for all his people's ſin,
By his blood hath ſatisfy'd.

2. The way he pav'd to God
With drops of his own blood;
That whoever ſhall believe,
Life eternal may obtain;
Sinners, come—no longer grieve;
There is mercy in the Lamb.

3. Redemption he hath won,
And now excludeth none;
Far and near he doth reveal
Tokens of his pard'ning grace;
Glad he would that each ſhou'd feel,
Triumph in the purchas'd bliſs.

4. Since then he is ſo kind,
Your trifles caſt behind;
Dare no longer to refuſe
The ſalvation of your Lord;
Glory not in the abuſe
Of the ſoul-converting word.

5. He calls his children home,
And tells them there is room;
Each the pardon may receive,
Jeſu's bowels inly move,
Earneſts of his peace to give,
Seals of his eternal love.

6. Who ſtarves for want of bread,
He on Chriſt's fleſh may feed;
Let the prodigal return
Weeping to his Father's houſe,
Where he'll meet a heart that burns,
And a hand to help his woes.

S. M. & J. L.

XLVII.

I THANK Thee, O my Saviour,
That Thou ſo loving art;
My all I now deliver,
The purchaſe of thy ſmart:
In thy dear arm's embraces
I leave my panting ſoul,
To feel thoſe healing graces,
Which make the ſinner whole.

2. O let me hear continue,
Remote from all that's ſin;
As one of thy retinue
Fill'd with thy love divine:
It brings a ſolid feeling
Of Thee, and what Thou art,
A med'cine ever healing
Unto my ſinful heart.

3. I love to be ſtill viewing
Thy body mark'd with ſcars;
Abundantly bedewing
The earth with blood and tears:
This cauſes ſolid thinking,
While I the ſight behold;
In ſpirit I am ſinking,
And yet my faith grows bold.

4. It ſets my heart on glowing,
And melts my eyes to tears;
To ſee each blood-ſtream flowing,
'Till all ſo red appears:
As incenſe on the altar
Love flames from Jeſu's ſmart:
Come, ſinners, take your ſhelter
Near to his pierced heart:

5. Thence, like as from a fountain,
I drink the healing ſtream;
My ſins, tho' as a mountain,
Sink down into a plain:

The thorny path's made even,
The rough and crooked ſtreight;
My ſins he hath forgiven,
And eas'd me of that weight.

XLVIII.

AND did thy grace, O Jeſus dear,
When I was dead in ſin, mine ear
Incline to hear thy voice?
Have I forgiveneſs thro' thy grace?
Have I regain'd my native place?
And do I in thy name rejoice?

2. O yes! I feel I am forgiven,
I've got the antepaſt of heaven;
Thy ſpirit makes it clear:
Thy royal raiment cloaths me round;
Redemption thro' thy blood I've found;
No condemnation do I fear.

3. Yet 'fore Thee, Jeſus, I muſt own,
I have not this ſalvation known
By tracing legal ways;
No: 'twas thy pow'r rais'd me from ſin,
Thou didſt the ſaving work begin;
Thine be the glory, thine the praiſe.

4. May I be faithful to my call;
In heart ſtill freely give up all;
Myſelf to Thee reſign:
When dangers threaten me around;
Invincible may I be found;
And never from thy will decline.

5. My feet with holy oil anoint,
The deſtin'd path, Thou doſt appoint,
Gladly I then will tread:
Bedew me with a genial ſhow'r,
Into my heart thy influence pour;
And me with manna daily feed.

6. A Single eye, a faithful heart,
My Jesus, to thy child impart
In ev'ry sifting hour:
Reas'ning's tormenting thoughts prevent;
Still keep my eye on Thee intent,
'Till sight my faith and hope o'erpow'r.

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XLIX. 1st.

I STAND before the Lamb
Upon the holy mount;
Where once he bore my shame,
And dy'd on my account:
Upon his wounds intent I gaze,
And ravish'd sink in deep amaze.

2. Those clefts in hands and feet,
The signals of his love,
Most tenderly I greet,
As do the saints above:
The rock, from whence the fountain came,
Still follows with it's glad'ning stream.

3. I feel a warm desire
To tabernacle here;
'Till my whole heart's on fire
Towards my Jesus dear:
My faith presents him to my view.
Upon the cross in bloody hue.

4. My follies I bewail,
The hardness of my heart;
Which drove each pointed nail,
And gave his body smart:
Altho' his murderer I've been,
I'm ransom'd thro' the bloody scene,

5. 'Tis here I freedom prove,
An end of all complaint;

The cordials of thy love
Refreſh me when I'm faint:
Thy fleſh and blood my dainties are;
The bleſſings of thy croſs I ſhare.

6. O ſelf-debaſing grace!
To think upon his love;
That one ſo vile and baſe,
Such happineſs ſhould prove.
At laſt with thankfulneſs I taſte
The banquets of his marriage-feaſt.

L. CM.

JESUS, my Redeemer dear,
Pity my complaining;
Full of reasoning and fear,
Look upon my ailing.

2. Once I walked undiſturb'd,
Fear was wholly baniſh'd;
Joyfully I heard thy word,
Hereby was repleniſh'd.

3. O 'twas ſweet unto my taſte,
I was tender-hearted;
Death's dominions were laid waſte,
Guilt from me departed.

4. 'Twas my meat and drink always,
Thy will to be doing;
In my heart, the well of grace
Ev'ry hour was flowing.

5. Now beneath thy word I ſtay
Dead and unconcerned;
Cold I come, and go away,
Seldom ever warmed.

6. When thy people joyful run,
By Thee are befriended;
Then I, like the elder ſon,
Murmuring am offended.

7. When they friendly ſpeak to me,
Only to lay open
Ev'ry hind'rance, then I flee;
Shame to hear it ſpoken.

8. O my Lamb, how is my caſe?
Tell it me O Jeſus!
Bring me to my reſting-place
In thy wounds ſo precious.

9. Lead me, as thou doſt thy flock,
Where the ſtreams are flowing;
Fix, O fix me on the rock;
And order Thou my going.

LI.

SPIRIT of the living God,
Breath a ſweet refreſhing breeze
To encreaſe
Secret longings in my ſoul;
'Till the whole
Unto Jeſus be aſpiring,
And for evermore deſiring
Daily freſh ſupplies of oil.

2. Teach me more how weak I am,
That I may thy treaſures value,
And continue
At thy pierced feet to bow
Very low;
And on Thee be ſtill dependent,
Fill'd with wiſhes ſtrong and ardent,
That I may thy fulneſs know.

3. Let me live the life of faith,
Having ſtill the ſpirit's ſanction,
And its unction
Me thy heav'nly will to teach;

And to preach
To my heart the Saviour's paſſion;
That I may obtain poſſeſſion
Of love's bleſſings all and each.

4. Keep me in connection, Lord,
Feeling ſtill the neareſt union,
And communion,
With thy perſon on the tree;
Let me be
Never cool towards thy ſuff'ring,
Nor indifferent to that off'ring,
Which for ever perfects me.

5. Thy atonement on the croſs,
Which remains the herald's ſubject,
And the object
Of thy people's faith and love,
Doth me move
To be thine in ſoul and body,
Viewing ſtill thy perſon bloody;
'Till I reach the realms above.

LII.

SAVIOUR, let thy ſacred blood
Still afford me ſolid feeling;
Each day healing
All my bruiſes, and each wound
Which is found
Thro' each ſinful diſpoſition
Not abiding in ſubjection
To thy grace, which ſin confounds.

2. Let my very feeble frame,
For thy uſe by blood procured,
Be ſecured
From the ſtrong attacks of ſin;
And within

Let me have a ſweet ſenſation
Of the Lamb, and his ſalvation;
Whom I love tho' yet unſeen.

3. Him I heartily embrace;
And real happineſs inherit
In his merit;
Who in fleſh, my Lord and God,
On the wood
Curſe and wrath from me ſuſpended;
By whoſe love I'm apprehended,
As the purchaſe of his blood.

4. Here I reſt, and am content,
Waſhing in the blood of Jeſus,
Who is precious
And quite lovely to my heart:
In his ſmart
I experience my heaven,
Peace proclaim'd, and ſins forgiven:
Great's the joy he doth impart.

5 I'm enamour'd with my Lord,
While in him I do diſcover
A true lover;
Near unto whoſe ſtreaming ſide
I'll abide;
That I may rejoice for ever,
In ſo good, ſo kind a Saviour;
And commence his faithful bride.

LIII. C.M.

THE fatal ſtroke who can relate,
Which man from God did ſeparate?
O ſin, what haſt thou done!
How haſt thou overſpread our frame,
Diffus'd thy poiſon thro' each vein;
Uſurp'd Jehovah's throne!

2. Chaſtiz'd for Thee, the choſen tribes
Sat down by Babel's river's ſides,
And there in exile moan'd ;
Grieving their ſervitude to feel,
That ſtrangers over them ſhould rule
And mock , while they thus groan'd.

3 They then remember'd the kind hand,
Which brought their Father's from the land
Of bondage and diſtreſs ;
Which led them thro' the pathleſs waves,
Which prov'd the harden'd tyrant's grave,
Who follow'd them t' oppreſs.

4. Their harps, which once melodious rung,
Neglected on the buſhes hung ;
In tears they wept aloud
To ſee their Zion thus forlorn,
The object of the Heathen's ſcorn,
Forſaken by her God.

5. Their grief to aggravate the more,
The ſcornful Heathens urg'd them ſore
A Zion's ſong to ſing ;
O'erwhelm'd in tears, they ſighing cry,
We cannot bear to ſing ; for why ?
We have provok'd our King.

6. Once were we his peculiar care ;
On eagle's wings he did us bear
Unhurt thro' dangers round :
But Oh ! we fooliſhly did rove,
Leaving the object of our love ;
Who now has juſtly frown'd.

7. Come, Brethren, come, reflect a while,
Once they like us enjoy'd the ſmile
Of a deliv'ring God ;
When he the raging waves did part,
Celeſtial joy o'erflow'd each heart ;
They ſung his praiſe aloud.

8. Oh! that in heart none may draw back;
So ſhall we ne'er his favours lack,
But feel them ever new:
Preſs on, and we the prize ſhall win;
Unfold to him each grief within;
He's ever ever true.

LIV.

WHILE my Jeſus I'm poſſeſſing,
Great's the happineſs I know;
While him I am careſſing,
Sweeteſt odours round me flow;
Happy I'm in his embraces,
Proving all his kiſſes ſweet;
Singing never-ceaſing praiſes,
Mary-like before his feet.

2. Oh! how happy are the moments,
Which I here in tranſport ſpend;
Life deriving from his torments,
Who remains the ſinner's Friend:
Here I'll ſit for ever viewing
How the blood flows from each vein;
Ev'ry ſtream, my ſoul bedewing,
Mortifies the carnal flame.

3. Really bleſſed is the portion
Deſtin'd me by ſov'reign grace;
Still to view divine compaſſion
In the Saviour's bruiſed face:
'Tis my fixed reſolution
Jeſus Chriſt my Lord to love;
At his feet to fix my ſtation,
Nor from thence a hair's breadth move.

4. Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon my Lamb I gaze;
Love I much, I've more forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace:

Fill'd with ſinner-like contrition,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Happy in the ſweet fruition
Of my Saviour's painful death.

5. From his pierc'd and wounded body
Iſſu'd ſtreams of ſacred gore;
From his hands and feet ſo bloody
Flow'd a med'cine for each ſore:
From his ſide, that fountain precious,
Pardons with the blood did flow;
This to taſte is moſt delicious,
Cauſing all within to glow.

6. May I ſtill enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jeſus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And from hence ſalvation draw:
May I have the ſpirit's unction
Filling me with holy ſhame;
Still retain a cloſe connection
With the perſon of the Lamb.

LV. *C.M.*

JESUS, how glorious was the day,
When Thou didſt my releaſe proclaim
Sweetly I ſung the hours away;
I ſung ſalvation thro' thy name.

2. I wonder'd how the careleſs crowd
Senſeleſs could ſleep away their day;
So ſtrong thy love in my heart flow'd,
Such ſolid peace it did convey.

3. Cloſe with thy flock I was combin'd,
Nought could my heart from their's divide;
By blood's cementing power join'd,
With them I could have liv'd and dy'd.

4. Beneath thy word refreſh'd I ſtood;
Thy word to me with power came;

Eager I drunk the healing blood,
Surpriz'd to feel th' enliv'ning flame.

5. Scatter'd the mists of nature's night,
Thou bidst my enemies be gone;
Chearful I walked in thy light,
Nor did my sun at all go down.

6. But ah! where am I now; ah where!
How is it, that I'm grown so cold?
The poison still lies lurking here,
Unwilling 'tis to lose its hold.

7. This is my hope, O Jesus, when
My nearest dearest things appear;
I call, I sigh for Thee ev'n then;
Nor would I feel thy rival there.

8. Sometimes I feel my sky is clear,
And drink, until my cup flow o'er;
Then do I lose my ev'ry fear,
And feel the Saviour's strength'ning pow'r.

9. O Jesus, let it still be thus;
This favour let me ever prove;
Fix me for ever at thy cross,
And bind me there with cords of love.

LVI. Children of ye heavenly King

GROUND, O ground me on the Lamb;
Other Saviours I disclaim;
Fix my heart on Thee to stay;
Do it, Lord, without delay.

2. Empty is created good,
I want more substantial food:
All is vanity beside
Jesus and him crucify'd.

3. Fruitless is my search to find
True serenity of mind;

Till I have with Jeſus been,
And his ſmiling face have ſeen.

4. In thy preſence may I dwell,
Subject to thy holy will;
Show'r on me thy pow'r divine;
Mortify the man of ſin.

5. While I traverſe here on earth,
Thy kind influence on me breathe;
Reconcil'd to me appear,
And thy righteouſneſs bring near.

6. Grant me ſtill in grace to grow,
While a pilgrim here below;
Let me by thy ſpirit move,
And with all my heart Thee love.

LVII. *I. H.*

WHAT'S this melodious ſound I hear?
How doth it charm my very heart!
How pleaſing is it to my ear!
It quite removes my pain and ſmart;
The language of this heav'nly dove
Speaks nothing to my ſoul but love.

2. Thou'rt welcome to my fainting heart;
My love-ſick ſoul doth Thee embrace;
Thrice welcome to my ſoul Thou art;
Oh! fix in me thy dwelling-place:
The glories of my Lord diſplay,
Nor ſuffer me again to ſtray.

3. Then, when this tedious life is o'er,
Free from the fierce attacks of ſin,
Out of the reach of Satan's pow'r,
I ſhall with my dear Maſter reign:
Bleſt by his preſence, I ſhall raiſe
My voice exalted to his praiſe,

LVIII. C.B.

ZION, awake; ariſe, ariſe;
Thy ſun in its meridian ſtands;
The clouds diſperſe, each ſhadow flies;
Thou'rt call'd to leave thy native land.

2. Put on the ſtrength of Jeſus now,
Who by his might his people ſaves;
Fearleſs Thou then unhurt ſhalt go,
Upborn o'er life's tempeſtuous waves.

3. No more th' uncircumciſed crew
Thy peaceful borders need moleſt;
Prove to thy Huſband ever true;
Then wilt Thou feel his people's reſt.

4. Ariſe, thy filthy garments ſhake,
In Jeſu's marriage-room ſit down;
Thou'rt call'd choice dainties to partake,
A heav'n, a Jeſus, and a crown.

5. Looſe, Zion's captive daughter, looſe
The curſed chains of ſelf and ſin;
Thou'rt call'd to be no earthly ſpouſe;
Thou art all glorious within.

6. Get freſh ſupplies of oil each day;
Stand ready for the midnight-call;
Let nothing here command thy ſtay;
Let Jeſus be thy all in all.

LIX. Salvation O! Joyful Sound

O DEAREST Lord, give me a heart
That's all in flame for Thee;
That, thro' thy tedious toil and ſmart,
My ſoul may happy be.

2. I want, O Lord, from ſin to flee,
And in thy wounds to reſt;

Bid me by faith come near to Thee,
And lean upon thy breaſt.

3. Still let a ſenſe of what Thou'ſt done
In my hard heart be felt;
That by the love to me Thou'ſt ſhewn
My inmoſt ſoul may melt.

4. Oh! may I never never faint,
Refreſh'd by ſtreams of love;
Till in thy glory, as a ſaint,
I live with thoſe above.

5. Oh! may I now my all give up
To Thee, my deareſt Lord;
And wait with all thy ſaints to ſup
Around the feſtal board.

LX.

AH! Lord, how faithleſs is my heart,
How very apt from Thee to ſtray!
Juſt like a broken bow I ſtart,
And nature ſtrives to bear the ſway:
Was ever one ſo vile, ſo bleſs'd;
So foul, yet by the Lamb careſs'd!

2. Forbid, my Lord, each vain deſire,
And bind my paſſions to thy croſs;
Quench all the ſparks of nature's fire,
And bid me count my gain but loſs;
Lord Jeſus, tear each idol down,
And ſtabliſh in my heart thy throne.

3. Grace, grace ſhall wipe away my tears,
And ſpeak the tempeſt to a calm;
Shall warm my heart, and charm my fears,
And prove a never-failing balm:
The maladies of ſin remove,
And fill my ſoul with perfect love.

4. Henceforth I'd ſerve Thee, if Thou'lt pleaſe
To gird me with a heav'nly pow'r;
I'd ſing the glories of thy grace,
Till all my pilgrimage be o'er:
With hallow'd fire inſpire my tongue,
And love ſhall be my endleſs ſong.

LXI.

NOTHING in this world I want,
No treaſure here beneath;
Only for Thee, Lord, I pant,
For Thee alone I breathe:
Wipe away my nature's ſin,
Thy image to my breaſt reſtore;
Thou alone canſt make me clean,
And bid me ſin no more.

2. Thou inviteſt me to come
To ſhare thy people's reſt;
Poor in ſpirit, I preſume
To preſs unto the feaſt:
Juſtifying faith impart,
And cloath me with thy righteouſneſs;
In the fountain dip my heart,
And ſign my glad releaſe.

3. Fill me with thy perfect love,
And anſwer each complaint;
Unbelieving thoughts remove,
And baniſh all my want:
Lord, enable me by grace
My ev'ry weight to lay aſide;
Patiently to run my race,
Till I become thy bride.

LXII.

WHAT ſhall I render to the Lord?
For all the griefs and curſe endur'd
For me, when veil'd in clay?

How ſhall I ſpeak his wondrous grace?
Or how return him proper praiſe?
Alas! the debt I ne'er can pay.

2. No word, nor work of mine could move
The Lord to manifeſt his love,
Or chuſe me for his ſpouſe;
No: 'twas thro' grace and grace alone
He claim'd the rebel for his own,
And brought me to his marriage-houſe.

3. Beneath his ſhadow I ſit down,
And call Immanuel my own,
And on his dainties feaſt;
His banner over me is love,
And loſt in extaſy, I prove
His fruit delightful to my taſte.

4. Since Jeſus underwent the toil
For me, and I enjoy the ſpoil
Of all his ſmart and pain:
Selfiſh vain pleas muſt ever ceaſe,
And I, indebted to his grace,
Proclaim all glory to his name.

LXIII. C.13.

COME, come ſinners, view your Jeſus yonder
Hanging up 'twixt earth and ſkies;
See his back with laſhes torn aſunder;
Hear, oh! hear his mournful cries:
By this ſight a ſinner dead is quicken'd;
Nature's ſprings impure are hereby weaken'd;
This the laver and the pool,
Where each leper is made whole!

2 They, who feel and keep this ſweet ſenſation,
Daily baſk in ſunny beams;
They covet no other habitation,
Thirſt to taſte no other ſtreams.

True content from this alone commences,
This to us our heaven evidences;
Here we reas'ning lose and fear:
Happy ſouls, who anchor here.

3. Still, O Jeſus, for thy church be caring;
Her minuteſt wants ſupply;
Be with purple oil each heart ſtill chearing,
Till ſhe quit mortality:
Of each weight may ſhe be more diveſted;
Live beneath thy ſcepter unmoleſted;
In thy matchleſs radiance ſhine,
Proving her deſcent divine.

4. Chear thy choſen witneſſes, O Jeſus,
With pure oil out of thy horn;
That with joy they may to diſtant places
Bear thy name thro' mocks and ſcorn:
Let them on thy arm ſtill lean unſhaken,
Till they from their pilgrimage are taken
To unite the countleſs crowd,
Who ſtill ſing, and cry aloud
"Glory to the Lord our God.

LXIV.

WHAT language's this I hear,
This kind ſalute of grace;
Which whiſpers in my ear
The grateful words of peace?
Hail! bleſſed Lord, 'tis thy ſweet voice
Which bids me in thy blood rejoice.

2. Thou art my chief delight,
A lovely Friend indeed;
Quite precious in my ſight,
My help in ev'ry need:
Hereby I'm ſtrengthen'd in the way,
And thank Thee for this goſpel-day.

3. Unworthy as I am,
And baſe in my own eyes;
On my account the Lamb
Aſcends the upper ſkies:
Aſſumes at God's right hand a ſeat
And grants me at his feet to ſit.

4. My great High-prieſt is gone
Into the holy-place;
The curtain is withdrawn,
Which veil'd his lovely face:
The paſſage now is clear and free;
The veil is rent for wretched me.

5. Before his God he ſtands
With incenſe of his own;
And lifts his prieſtly hands
Up to the Father's throne:
Pours out his ſoul for me in pray'r,
An object of his ſpecial care.

6. He points unto his ſide,
To ev'ry bruiſe and wound;
And conſtantly employ'd
Wreſtling in pray'r he's found:
Wreſtling for me the ſuit he gains;
Pardon and peace and heav'n obtains.

LXV. We Magnifie thy grace O Lord

THY endleſs love how ſhall I ſing,
Or praiſe Thee, my victorious King?
The myſt'ry is too great;
Should nature all in conſort join
T' aſſiſt this feeble heart of mine,
The anthem would not be compleat.

2. For when I ſcan thy mercies o'er,
That immenſe deep without a ſhore,
I ſink, I'm in amaze;

What's one poor drop to that vaſt ſea,
Which flow'd from all eternity ?
On that I'll look and melt and gaze.

3. Fill me with ſtreams of flowing love,
Till I ſhall tread the courts above
With unconceiv'd delight ;
There love ſhall ſtrike each willing ſtring,
And ſaints and angels ever ſing ;
And faith ſhall then be loſt in ſight.

4. Each moment keep me on my guard,
Eying the ſure the great reward,
Till all my toil be o'er ;
Then ſhall I ſolace in thy love,
And praiſe Thee with thy ſaints above,
Where griefs and ſorrows are no more.

LXVI.

QUITE happy is the man who feels
The Saviour nigh his heart ;
To him the Lamb himſelf reveals
With all his wounds and ſmart :
Such fellowſhip that chriſtian proves ;
He weeps and ſings, believes and loves :
And thus o'erwhelm'd in rapture ſweet,
He clings around his feet.

2. A tender ſhame o'erſpreads my mind,
And bluſhes fill my face ;
I find my heart with warmth inclin'd
To ſtation near the place,
Where Jeſus paid my ranſom-price,
And gave himſelf a ſacrifice ;
Near to the ſtreaming croſs's tree
I ever long to be.

3. 'Tis here with happy John I view
His body mark'd with ſcars ;
And Mary-like the earth bedew
With floods of ſacred tears :

I'm raviſh'd with the charming ſight;
The Lamb, the Lamb is my delight;
The glory of the Trinity
In him diſtinct I ſee.

4. Free from the noiſy buſy crowd,
Here would I ever ſtay;
And live in union with God,
With Jeſus night and day:
I'll ſing unwearied of his love,
Till to my upper houſe I move;
And then in higher notes of praiſe,
My heart to him I'll raiſe.

LXVII. *J. A.*

SINNERS, behold the pierced Lamb;
For you he hung upon the ſtem:
Behold him by the eye of faith;
For life doth iſſue from his death.

2. Salvation's well wide open ſtands;
And blood-ſtreams run from feet and hands;
The open'd ſide doth richly flow,
Frow whence with joy we water draw:

3. Water to quench our parching thirſt,
To cleanſe and make us fit for Chriſt;
T' allay our nature's fire within,
And purify the ſoul from ſin.

4. Jeſus alone true life imparts,
And med'cine for all wounded hearts;
With balm ſupplies for every ſore,
And works a ſpeedy perfect cure.

5. One look, to him upon the pole,
Revives and heals the ſin-ſtung ſoul:
Relieves the weary, and the faint,
The tempted, and each mourner's want.

6. Come then, Thou great High-prieſt apply
To us this ſovereign remedy;

That we the bleſſings of thy death
May antedate below by faith.

C.M. LXVIII. We Magnifie thy grace &c.

THROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we trace
Nothing, but ſhame and deep diſgrace;
No period elſe is ſeen; - -
Till he a ſpotleſs victim fell,
Taſting in ſoul a painful hell,
Cruſh'd by the creature's ſin.

2. On the cold ground, methinks, I ſee
My Jeſus kneel and pray for me;
For this I him adore;
Seiz'd with a chilly ſweat throughout,
Blood-drops did force their paſſage out
Thro' ev'ry open'd pore.

3, A pricking crown his temples bore;
His back with laſhes all was tore,
Till one the bones might ſee;
Mocking they puſh'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Preſs'd by the heavy tree.

4. Thus up the hill he painful came;
Round him they mock, and make their game;
At length his croſs they rear:
And can you ſee the mighty God
Cry out beneath ſin's heavy load,
Without a thankful tear?

5. Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies in anguiſh on the tree;
What tongue his griefs can tell?
The ſhudd'ring rocks their heads recline;
The mourning ſun refus'd to ſhine,
When the Creator fell.

6. Shout, Brethren, ſhout in ſongs divine;
He drank the gall, to give us wine
To quench our parching thirſt:

Seraphs, advance your voices higher;
Bride of the Lamb, unite the quire,
And laud thy precious Chriſt!

LXIX. S. M.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit
Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
And my weary troubled ſpirit
Now finds reſt in Thee, my God:
I am ſafe, and I am happy,
Whilſt in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin and ſatan cannot hurt me,
Whilſt the Saviour is ſo nigh.

2. Now I'll ſing of Jeſu's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name;
That if any want his ſpirit,
He is ſtill the very ſame:
He that aſketh, ſoon receiveth,
He that ſeeks, is ſure to find;
Come, for whoſoe'er believeth
He will never caſt behind.

3. Now our counſellor is pleading
With his Father, and our God;
Now for us he's interceeding
As the purchaſe of his blood:
Hear; methinks, I hear him praying,
Father, ſave them, I have dy'd;
And the Father anſwers ſaying,
They are freely juſtify'd.

LXX. L. M.

STRANGERS and ſojourners below,
We travel thro' this wilderneſs;
Seeking the promis'd reſt to know
In Chriſt, the fountain of true bliſs:
We ſeek a place beyond the ſkies,
An everlaſting paradiſe.

2. In this purſuit we ſtand in need
Of daily freſh ſupplies of grace ;
Our ſouls with manna Chriſt muſt feed,
While we his leading footſteps trace :
So ſhall each pilgrim gladly move
Onward unto his home above.

3. No earthly joy is worth our ſtay,
Or ſtruggle for another breath ;
Theſe comforts vaniſh and decay,
And yield no true ſolace in death :
While others vain delights purſue,
We taſte God's love for ever new.

4. What tho' the world our ſouls beſiege,
And all the fiends of hell combine
Together with our fleſh in league,
Againſt the family divine :
Greater is he whoſe pow'r we claim,
Than all our adverſe foes can name.

5. His croſs inflicts the deadly blow,
And crucifies each rebel ſin;
Peace love and joy hence richly flow,
And cauſe ſweet melody within :
Dependent on the God of pow'r,
We glory in a ſuff'ring hour.

6. 'Tis here we fix the eye of faith,
And giant-like our courſe we run ;
With ſteadineſs purſue the path,
With courage to the mark preſs on :
Till we obtain the wiſhed-for prize,
And take our place above the ſkies.

7. The new Jeruſalem appears,
Her citizens reſplendent ſhine ;
For God hath wip'd away their tears,
And fill'd them with the life divine :
With them we ſhall his glory ſee,
And praiſe him thro' eternity.

CM. LXXI. We Magnifie thy Grace &c.

SEE Jesus, our deliv'rer great,
Rising his vict'ry to compleat;
In vain's the seal and stone!
O grave, where is thy victory?
Here, here, thy mighty conqu'ror see
Rising, he leaves the guarded tomb.

2. A while he with his favourites stay'd;
Strength to their feeble faith convey'd;
Then mounts the starry sky;
The heav'ns with acclamations ring
To welcome their victorious King,
And shout aloud his victory.

3. Mindful of all thy favours, now
In gratitude we prostrate bow
Before thy loving face;
Give all, who are assembled here,
To feel thy resurrection's pow'r;
And sweetly sing redeeming grace.

4. Clearly to every heart display
Thy gaping bloody wounds this day;
Each drooping heart enflame:
Refresh'd we'll then unwearied go
Along this wilderness below;
And spread abroad thy righteous fame.

5. Jesus, when will the hour appear,
That we thy pow'rful call shall hear,
And round thy throne attend;
When shall we see Thee face to face,
And join above to sing thy praise,
Eternity therein to spend.

LXXII. L.M.

WHEN first conviction seiz'd my heart,
I struggl'd to unloose the chain;
This but the more increas'd my smart,
And prov'd my efforts all in vain:

Paſſive at length I did reſign,
And quickly found redemption mine.

2. With joy my heart did move along,
Bleſt with the principle divine;
The Lamb the burden of my ſong,
Vouchſaf'd with warmth on me to ſhine:
I felt the ſweets of love increaſe;
Quite happy were my infant days!

3. A while I on theſe bleſſings fed,
And deem'd my mountain very ſtrong;
Till all the ſenſe of love was dead,
The tokens of his favour gone:
Reas'ning again my mind oppreſt,
And ſorrow fill'd my penſive breaſt.

4. Tried was my faith, as in the fire;
No more I could on feelings lean;
Nor build my hopes on paſt deſire,
Nor on the beſt inherent frame:
My faith no more on theſe could ſtand,
Nor live on preſent ſtock in hand.

5. 'Twas then the ſpirit of the Lamb,
Within my heart aſſum'd his place;
And glorified Immanuel's name,
And ſtampt me with his ſeal of grace;
The myſt'ry from the world conceal'd,
Diſtinctly to my ſoul reveal'd:

6. The holy myſtery of faith,
Unlock'd, unveil'd, I then did prove:
And grounded on my Saviour's death,
No more I doubted of his love:
Cover'd with ſelf-abaſing ſhame,
Free grace I loudly did proclaim.

LXXIII. Love Divine &c.

O THOU tender loving Jeſus,
Now thy ſaving grace impart;
From the world and ſatan ſave us,
Save us from our evil heart:
Throw thy arms in mercy open,
Bid, O bid us, Jeſus, come;
Let our flinty hearts be broken
Falling on the corner-ſtone.

2. Here for ever let us center
Steady, tho' aſſail'd by ſin;
Forward may we ſtoutly venture,
Till eternal life we win:
Baniſh ev'ry reas'ning ſcruple;
Scatter ev'ry gath'ring cloud;
Our poor hearts, O Jeſus, ſprinkle
With thy precious precious blood.

3. When our chearing feelings ſicken,
And a veil our ſouls o'erſpreads;
Then with grace our ſpirits quicken
To raiſe up our drooping heads:
Would our fooliſh hearts e'er wander
From the ſource of real joy?
Call us back, but not in anger,
Leſt thy fury us deſtroy.

4. Arm us from thy heav'nly ſtorehouſe;
Still diſplay thy banner high;
March victorious on before us;
Make the world and Satan fly:
When thy meſſenger araigns us
To cloſe up our weary eyes;
In that needy hour ſuſtain us,
Till we graſp the heav'nly prize.

LXXIV. New year's day

O JESU, my God,
Come make thine abode
Within my poor heart:
O Jesu, come quickly, a Saviour Thou art.

2. Salvation I need,
I want to be freed
From all my distress;
And feel in my heart the rich blessings of peace.

3. I thirst to be thine,
To feel Thee within
Diffusing abroad
Thy love, that my heart may ascend unto God.

4. This, Lord, Thou canst do,
And give me to know
My sins are forgiv'n;
My treasure laid up in the kingdom of heav'n.

5. Take me as I am,
Thy property claim;
My nature refine,
And form my affections and tempers divine.

6. No more would I breath
For objects beneath;
But live to thy praise,
Advancing in knowledge and growing in grace.

LXXV. Wh.

WHAT object's this, which meets my eyes
From out Jerusalem's gate,
Which fills my mind with such surprize,
As wonder to create?

2. Who can it be that groans beneath
A cross of massy wood;
Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,
And body's dropping blood?

3. Is this the man ? can this be he,
The Seers have foretold,
Shou'd with tranſgreſſors number'd be,
And for their crimes be ſold ?

4. Yes, now I know 'tis he, 'tis he !
Ev'n Jeſus, God's dear Son ;
Wrapt in mortality to die
For crimes, that I had done.

5. O bleſſed ſight, O lovely form
To ſinful ſouls like me ?
I'll creep beſides him as a worm,
And ſee him bleed for me.

6. I'll hear his groans and view each wound,
Until, with happy John,
I on his breaſt a place have found
Sweetly to lean upon.

LXXVI. Com: Metre

THE ſmart the anguiſh which I feel
Within my heart, who knows ?
When Jeſus doth himſelf conceal,
When he himſelf withdraws.

2. Veil'd in a cloud my ſpirits fail ;
In ſick'ning air I breathe ;
Mournful I tread the darkſome vale,
The gloomy ſhades of death.

3. For ah ! the comforter's withdrawn ;
My golden days are paſt ;
In ſpirit languiſhing I groan,
And own the ſcourge's juſt.

4. Sin leaves it's bitter pangs behind,
And ſteals away my peace ;
Diſtracts with warring ills my mind,
And maſks my Saviour's face.

5. I have defil'd my marriage-bed,
And made my ſpouſe depart;
Preſuming in the ſtrength I had,
I've griev'd my Bridegroom's heart.

6. My garments I have greatly ſtain'd,
And pierc'd my tender Lamb;
For this my heart is inly pain'd,
And fill'd with utmoſt ſhame.

7. When ſhall thy countenance appear,
And I my joy regain?
When ſhall I thy ſweet whiſpers hear,
And feel thy love again?

8. Phyſician, deeper daily probe
The painful noiſome ſore;
And then apply the healing blood,
And I ſhall weep no more.

LXXVII. I Will lay me down &c

JESUS, let me taſte thy grace,
And feel thy pureſt love;
Guard me in this wilderneſs,
And all my foes remove;
Ev'ry hindrance, Lord, withdraw,
And let me reach the promis'd land;
And while I ſojourn here below,
Protect me with thy hand.

2. Worldly pleaſures all are vain;
Yet I the trifles lov'd:
Now I do their charms diſdain;
Their emptineſs I've prov'd:
Only in thy grace I truſt,
And feel the pleaſures of thy love;
Only in thy merits boaſt,
And in Thee live and move.

3. I was Satan's willing ſlave,
Till Chriſt, my heav'nly King,
Pleaſed was my ſoul to ſave
From all the pow'r of ſin:
Me he rais'd from deep deſpair,
And ſhew'd to me his ſmiling face;
Heard my ſighs and mournful pray'r,
And deck'd me with his grace.

J. A. LXXVIII. We Magnifie thy grace

I THANK Thee, high and mighty One,
That Thou didſt give thy only Son,
To travail in my ſtead;
I thank Thee for that love divine,
Thro' which redemption's grace was mine
In Chriſt, before the world was made.

2. I thank Thee, Jeſus, holy Lamb,
For all thy ſufferings and pain
To purchaſe my relief;
I thank Thee with unfeigned praiſe,
For all thy bounteous acts of grace,
The purchas'd bleſſings of thy grief.

3. I thank Thee, Spirit, for thy care;
Thou found'ſt the roving wanderer
Amidſt the ways of ſin:
And gently call'dſt me to embrace
Full abſolution, perfect peace;
And fixt thy reſidence within.

4. Continue ſtill thy gracious aid;
My ſoul to living waters lead
My thirſt to ſatisfy;
Conduct me thro' this world of ſtrife;
Be with me on the verge of life;
And bleſs me, Saviour, when I die.

A.B. LXXIX. We magnifie thy Grace. &c.

O H! wicked heart, Thou enemy,
Why doſt thou vex and trouble me?
Dear Lamb, what ſhall I do?
I find I muſt, at thy pierc'd feet,
A helpleſs ſinner ever ſit,
Till Thou the way me ſhew.

2. Sometimes I think no more I'll doubt,
And half eſpy the paſſage out
Unto my reſting-place;
There would my ſoul unſhaken reſt,
Peaceful on my dear Huſband's breaſt,
And live in his embrace.

3. Sometimes I think I faintly ſee
His wounds and ſcars were made for me,
For me the ſtreams flow'd down:
Sweet liberty from thence doth flow;
With ardent love my heart doth glow
To God's beloved Son.

4. Apply thy merits cloſer ſtill,
That I more ſenſibly may feel
That I am thine alone;
Oh! may I henceforth bid adieu
To every idol here below;
And ſtoutly ſay, be gone.

C.B. LXXX. Love Divine &c.

I S it ſo, that I have taſted
Of the Saviour's dying love?
Who had all my ſubſtance waſted,
And did prodigal-like rove
Far from Jeſu's ſhady arbour;
And on huſks contented fed,
Knowing not that in his harbour
There for all was ſtore of bread.

2. May I now to him in ſpirit
Chearfully ariſe, and go;
Till I feel his blood and merit
Warm my heart, and thro' me flow:
For I clearly am convinced
Short hereof I am not ſafe;
Tho' he dy'd; yet, if not cleanſed,
I'm an object of his wrath.

3. Oh! my Lamb, then bring me to Thee;
Warm me with thy fire throughout;
Let thy blood flow thro' and thro' me;
Find each hidden corner out:
Draw my heart from all that's evil,
Fix it firm on things above;
Conqueror over death and devil,
Aiming at thy heav'n of love.

4. Ev'ry glowing ardour heighten,
Kindl'd by celeſtial fire;
Ev'ry glim'ring taper brighten,
Strengthen ev'ry weak deſire:
Baniſh from my heart all doubting,
Wipe all tears from off my face;
Bring the topſtone forth with ſhouting.
Shouting unto it free-grace.

A. LXXXI.

PLEASURES of ſenſe be gone,
Adieu each carnal flame!
Your pleaſing vanities I ſhun
With holy juſt diſdain:
Forbear to tempt me thus,
Your efforts are in vain;
Blind world! I count thy treaſures droſs,
When mention'd with the Lamb.

2. Thy gaudy ſhews I hate,
Thy worthleſs toys deſpiſe;
I prove my happineſs compleat
In Jeſu's ſacrifice:
No more myſelf I pleaſe
With objects that are ſeen;
From ſuch an empty ſearch I ceaſe,
And ſcorn the ways of ſin.

3. The joys of earth I wave,
And theſe no more admire;
No more I yield myſelf a ſlave
To fleſhly vain deſire;
If theſe ſhould ſeem to riſe,
The remedy is near;
To Jeſu's wounds I turn my eyes,
And find my refuge there.

4. The Lamb did freely bleed,
To ſanctify my frame;
I find this help in ev'ry need,
And glory in his name:
From the ungodly throng
Thro' grace he ſets me free;
The ſtronger diſpoſſeſs'd the ſtrong,
And Jeſus reigns in me.

5. Thus tho I'm weak and faint,
Helpleſs, and nought can do;
Jeſus is mine, what can I want,
His arm ſhall bring me thro':
Thro' him I victory gain,
And triumph in his pow'r;
Subdue my foes in Jeſu's name,
And ſtand in danger's hour.

W. B. LXXXII. *Convinc'd of ſin, O Lamb of God*

CONVINC'D of ſin, O Lamb of God,
I languiſh for thy precious blood;

Convinc'd

Awaken'd in my heart to feel
Diſtreſs, which nought but grace can heal.

2. Tho' in religion I drag on,
Tis blindfold, and my God's unknown:
I ſigh, I grieve, and oft am near
The gloomy borders of deſpair.

3. When others I rejoicing ſee,
It aggravates my miſery;
And ſtriving to rejoice with them,
Does but me fill with after ſhame.

4. My geſtures grave, and ſaint-like face
Do but the more betray my caſe;
Reſpites of eaſe, or ſhort or long,
My bondage only do prolong.

5. There's nought, I'm ſure, can do me good
But ſprinkling with the healing blood:
If that's not mine, and freely giv'n;
I may come near, but not find heav'n.

6. Sometimes I think, at mercy's door
I'll waiting knock, and not give o'er;
Until my heav'nly ſuit I gain,
And find deliv'rance from my pain.

7. But ſoon thro' unbelief I faint,
And fall o'erwhelmed with my want;
And when a while I've mourning lain,
I riſe, my chains to hug again.

8. But yet in Chriſt, this faith I have,
The world he made, he died to ſave;
And was as truly God the Son,
Upon the croſs, as on the throne:

9. And that he can to th' utmoſt ſave
All who in God thro' him believe;
But here I ſtop, I cannot ſee
He lov'd and gave himſelf for me.

10. Yet fain I in this faith would wait
A humble beggar at his feet;

And ſuppliant-like, throughout my days,
Petition for his ſaving grace.

LXXXIII. *I. t.*

THE Saviour's love once truly known,
The man of ſin and ſelf pulls down;
Humbles the ſinner at his feet;
And makes his wounds and paſſion ſweet.

2. Bow'd down in ſhame, we gladly own
The work to be the Lord's alone;
To him our very all we owe,
What of ourſelves, or God we know.

3. Our works no longer then we praiſe,
Nothing extol, but Jeſu's grace;
Free and unmerited, we prove
The boundleſs height and depth of love.

4. While thus we learn the needful part;
Shame fills, love warms the grateful heart:
While on his ſuff'ring form we muſe,
Our cares and very thoughts we loſe.

5. We ſtand amaz'd, and wonder why
The Saviour could for ſinners die;
We bluſh to ſee him in his blood;
Yet here we look, and drop our load.

6. All bleſſings from the croſs proceed;
Thither we look in all our need;
And Chriſt the heav'nly object find,
Enough to captivate mankind.

7. Then, O my ſoul, how canſt thou be
So cold to him, who dy'd for thee!
How canſt thou chuſe but love his name,
And glow with holy fervent flame?

H. LXXXIV.

HIM, who life for me regained,
Willingly I do adore;
Glory in the peace obtained,
Triumph in the Saviour's pow'r:
Saints and Angels bow before him,
All his ſubjects do adore him;
On the throne
God's dear Son
Ever ſhall continue:
Still in heart let him be praiſed,
Who our ſins and guilt eraſed.

2. While each herald Thee proclaimeth,
Pardon unto Iſrael give;
What in us of ſelf remaineth,
Jeſus, give it no reprieve:
Crucify each vile affection;
Let us feel our ſure election;
To each heart
Grace impart;
That we may give glory
Unto Thee, who giv'ſt ſalvation,
Ever paying adoration.

3. While on earth we are ſojourning,
Let thy hand our guardian be;
Still afford a ſweet diſcerning
Of thyſelf upon the tree;
Save us by thy mighty power,
Heav'nly bleſſings on us ſhower;
From above
Send thy love,
O Thou bleſt redeemer!
Then aloud our voices raiſing,
Thee we ſhall be ever praiſing.

B. J. LXXXV. (M.B. 338)

THE one thing needful, that good part,
Which Mary choſe with all her heart,
I would purſue with heart and mind;
And ſeek unwearied till I find.

2. But Oh! I'm blind and ignorant;
The ſpirit of the Lord I want
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happineſs and God.

3. O Lord, my God, to Thee I pray,
Teach me to know and find the way
How I may have my ſins forgiv'n,
And ſafe and ſurely get to heav'n.

4. My mind enlighten with thy light;
That I may underſtand aright
The glorious goſpel's myſtery,
Which ſhews the way to heav'n and Thee.

5. Hidden in Chriſt the treaſure lies,
That goodly pearl of ſo great price.
No other way, but Chriſt, there is
To endleſs happineſs and bliſs.

6. O Jeſus Chriſt, my Lord, and God,
Who haſt redeem'd me by thy blood;
Unite my heart ſo faſt to Thee,
That we may never parted be.

7. Give me a new and contrite heart,
The faith which works by love impart;
Waſh me from all the ſtains of ſin,
And make me pure and clean within. B. J.

J. A. LXXXVI.

BELOVED Saviour, faithful Friend,
The joy of all thy croſs's train;

In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship Thee in vain.

2. In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Christ his influence withhold:
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.

3. Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciling face;
Yea, prove thy presence in these means
To bless a vile and helpless race.

4. Here manifest thyself in peace;
Thy faithful mercies here make known;
Oh! breathe on us a gale of grace,
And send the chearing blessing down.

5. We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know Thee as Thou art;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid Thee welcome to our heart.

6. Thy tender love therein display;
Dispense to each the living bread;
Oh! let thy blood such pow'r convey,
As may cement us to our head.

7. Attach our hearts to Thee, dear Lamb;
Vouchsafe to join us all in one
To love and praise thy precious name,
Until we meet around the throne.

LXXXVII.

THOU Son of consolation,
Refresh us in our need;
Breathe thro' this congregation,
Our souls with manna feed:
Dispel the clouds of darkness;
Command the light to shine;
And banish all our sadness
By one sweet look of thine.

2 Remind us of thoſe ſorrows
Thou carried'ſt in our ſtead;
And all thoſe open'd furrows
The cruel ſcourges made:
Oh! lead us to the garden
To view thy bloody ſweat,
Wreſtling beneath the burden
Of ſin's diſtreſſing weight.

3. Yea, let us be repairing
With haſte to Calvary;
To view the nails him tearing,
While ſtretch'd upon thee tree;
Oh! who can tell the anguiſh
Which reach'd that tender heart;
Which there did inly languiſh
Thro' piercing racking ſmart.

4. Methinks, I ſee him bleeding,
And wiſh there to abide;
Where purple gore is ſtreaming
From hands and feet and ſide:
Oh! let thy bitter penance,
And life a ſcene of pain,
Freely redreſs each grievance,
And give the ſacred ſlame.

S. M. LXXXVIII. C. E.

MY dear Redeemer, dying Lord,
I love to hear of Thee;
Thy name doth grace and life afford
To ſinful ſouls like me.

2. Thy precious name ſo warms my heart,
And ſets my ſoul on flame;
I would not Lord, from Thee depart,
But always love thy name.

3. I live, becauſe my Saviour dy'd,
Above the pow'r of ſin;

Hereby I'm freely juſtify'd,
Becauſe he roſe again.

4. I'm loſt in wonder, when I ſee
His grievous bitter ſmart;
And how he liv'd and dy'd for me;
This breaks my ſtony heart.

5. Oh! then I bluſh, and nothing ſay,
But ſilently fall down
Like Sheba's queen, and faint away
Before king Solomon.

6. Chriſt lives in me, and I in him
The happy life of faith;
E'er long he will deſtroy my ſin,
And quite aboliſh death.

CE. LXXXIX. W.B. Salvation of the joyful ſo

O DEAR Redeemer, who alone
Canſt give me eaſe in pain;
Whoſe blood did once for ſin atone,
And pardon for me gain.

2. I once was wholly dead in ſin, 2 Tim. 5 3 1, 2, 3
And ignorant of Thee;
And walk'd contentedly therein;
Nor knew thy love to me.

3. But thine all-ſeeing eye then view'd,
And mark'd my ev'ry way;
And ſtill in tender love purſu'd
Me, who from Thee did ſtray.

4. Thy name is now thro' grace become
More precious to my ſoul,
Than ſweeteſt ſmell of rich perfume,
Or Aaron's precious oil.

5. Without thy favour, tho' I live, 5 43, 5
Life but a burden is;

Nought elſe can ſatisfaction give,
Experience ſhews me this.

6. My faithleſs heart, O Saviour dear,
Correct with gentle hand;
In ev'ry danger be Thou near;
Alone I cannot ſtand.

XC.

THE deſpiſed Nazarene,
Who is chief in my eſteem;
Mark'd with ſcourges, nails, and ſpear,
Hung an enſign in the air.

2. None among the ſons of men,
None among th' angelic train,
Can with my belov'd compare;
Who to me is ever dear.

3. Had I Gabriel's heav'nly tongue,
He ſhould ever be my ſong;
Object of my preſent bliſs,
Subject of my future praiſe.

4. Raviſh'd I'm beyond degree,
While I view him on the tree;
All his wounds and bruiſes are
To my heart exceeding fair.

5. Other lovers I deſpiſe;
Mine is gone beyond the ſkies;
Earthly toys are far too mean
To divert me from my Lamb.

6. How, my Lord, ſhall I ſet forth
All thy dignity and worth!
Human words cannot expreſs
Half thy love, or half my bliſs.

7. From thy fulneſs me ſupply
Of thy grace to teſtify;

Let my fellow-creatures prove,
What I've tasted in thy love.

8. Soul and body sink with shame,
While I Thee my Saviour name;
Soul and body now are free
In the gospel-liberty.

XCI. C.M.

SINNERS come, your voices raise,
Sound aloud your Maker's praise;
Praise him, who from heaven came;
Praise the child from Bethlehem.

Hallilujah.

2. We see wonders ev'ry hour
Brought about by Jesu's pow'r;
He in spight of all his foes,
Conqu'ring and to conquer goes.

3. Go on, Jesus, ever go,
Till ten thousand more Thee know;
In thy gospel-chariot ride;
Gather now thy ransom'd bride.

4. Bid thy, enemies be still;
Learn thy foes to know thy will;
Bid their sin and guilt depart;
Bring them near thy bleeding heart.

5. Persecutors now reclaim,
Let them feel thy grace's flame;
Drunkard, whoremongers call home,
Jesus, bid the wand'rers come.

6. The self-righteous widely stray
From the new and living way;
Open, Lord, their blinded eyes,
Lest they still thy truth despise.

7. Still there must be room, for why?
Truth itself can never lye;

Come away, the fatling's ſlain;
Jeſus is the paſcal Lamb.

8. This is he who calling ſtood,
When we wallow'd in our blood;
Sinners, now the call embrace,
Bluſhing fall before his face.

XCII. Thou hidden Love of God

I GRIEVE, nor can my grief e'er ceaſe,
Till I my Saviour truly love;
Till he with blood ſigns my releaſe,
And ſweetly draws my thoughts above:
For this I languiſh, mourn, and pine,
To prove the dear Redeemer mine.

2. But oh! how backward is my mind,
How widely my affections rove;
Yet no true peace on earth I find,
No trace of bliſs where'er I move;
Objects of ſenſe can ne'er impart
Felicity unto my heart.

3. No: nothing now can ſatisfy,
Or true contentment e'er afford;
Till I by faith can humbly cry,
Jeſus is now become my Lord:
Jeſus the man of deepeſt grief,
Alone can ſend me kind relief.

4. On him my all I fain would ſtay,
And ſweetly on his boſom reſt;
Till all my griefs ſhall die away,
And love ſhall ſparkle in my breaſt:
When ſhall it be, my deareſt Lamb,
That I ſhall feel this holy flame?

5. Thy ſaints can triumph in the bliſs,
And all thy wond'rous works declare;
Oh! how I long to feel their peace,
And all their banquetings to ſhare:

Come to my heart, O quickly come;
And tell me that Thou art my own.

W.B. XCIII. O Love Divine how Sweet

O JESUS, everlasting God,
Who once for sinners shed'st thy blood
Upon mount Calvary;
And finish'st there redemption's toil,
And mad'st lost man thy happy spoil:
All glory be to Thee.

2. Fain would I think upon thy pain,
And find therein my life and gain,
And fix my heart and mind
Upon thy wounds and dying love;
Nor from that point a hair's breadth move,
Till all thy heav'n I find.

3. Content and glad I'll ever be
To have salvation, Lord, from Thee,
Ev'n as a sinner poor;
I nothing have, I nothing am;
My treasure's in the bleeding Lamb
Both here and evermore.

4. The more thro' grace myself I know,
The more content I am to bow
And sink beneath thy cross:
And live by faith upon thy blood,
Waiting on Thee for every good,
And count my gain but loss.

S.M. XCIV. Love Divine all Love &c.

O H! how was I once benighted,
Running on the downward road;
And for sin my Saviour slighted,
Grieving my dear Lord and God:

I poor silly stupid creature
Foolish, like the younger son,
Far estrang'd from my Creator,
From my Father's house did run.

2. But I'm heartily ashamed,
When I see my follies all;
I was highly to be blamed
To refuse my Saviour's call:
But at length the law arraign'd me,
Pointed out my misery;
Then his dying smart sustain'd me,
And mark'd out my liberty.

3. Self-convicted did I wonder,
Sinner-like begun to cry;
Who is it hangs naked yonder?
I, not he, deserv'd to die:
Oh! 'tis moving and surprizing
To behold the victim fall;
God, his Son for us baptizing,
Lays on him the guilt of all.

4. O My Alpha and Omega!
Thou my first and last shall be;
Thou, my Lord and God Jehovah,
Art the Lamb who died'st for me.
That's my heaven, now I feel it;
Now the gospel feast I prove;
Saviour, with thy spirit seal it;
Oh! I cannot help, but love.

H. XCV. Salvation Of joyful

SINNERS attend, attend, I pray,
And hear the gospel-word;
Regard your visitation-day,
And entertain your Lord.

2. He calls unto the sons of men
His offer'd grace to prove,

That they in ſeeking may attain
Repentance, faith, and love.

3. Give me thy heart, the Saviour cries,
Juſtly he doth it claim;
Why ſhould you then his ſuit deſpiſe,
And grieve the tender Lamb?

4. His arms are open to receive
Whoever to him flies;
Pardon and preſent peace to give,
And love that never dies.

5. In peace the Lord your ſouls ſhall kiſs,
And welcome wand'rers home;
Heal all your wounds, proclaim your peace,
And mark you for his own.

6. Come then, receive your ſuitor in,
The royal heav'nly gueſt;
And to your joy, you'll find in him
A ſweet refreſhing feaſt.

7. Jeſus our Prophet, Prieſt, and King,
Thou Friend of ſinners, come;
Deſcend, kind Comforter, and bring
The great ſalvation down.

XCVI. CM.

HOW ſweet a thing it is to ſee
The choſen people of the Lord,
Dwelling in love and unity,
Abiding ſtedfaſt in the word.

2. His praiſes do each tongue command,
His love's convey'd from heart to heart;
All, willingly with heart and hand
Reciprocally act their part.

3. All love to hear their Shepherd's voice,
While he gives paſture to his ſheep;

With thoſe that joy, they do rejoice;
And weep in heart, with thoſe that weep.

4. Their burdens mutually they bear,
Alleviate each other's grief,
And when appriz'd of dangers near,
Jointly they ſupplicate relief.

XCVII.

MY Lord, how great's the favour!
That I, a ſinner poor,
Can, thro' thy blood's ſweet ſavour,
Approach thy mercy's door;
And find an open paſſage
Unto the throne of grace;
There wait the welcome meſſage,
Which bids me go in peace.

2. I am a helpleſs creature
Full of the deepeſt need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid and inly dead:
My ſtrength is perfect weakneſs,
And all I have is ſin;
My heart is all uncleanneſs,
A den of thieves within.

3. In this forlorn condition,
Who ſhall afford me aid;
Where ſhall I meet compaſſion
But in the church's Head?
Jeſus, Thou art all pity,
Oh! take me to thy arms;
And exerciſe thy mercy
To ſave me from all harms.

4. I'll never ceaſe repeating
My numberleſs complaints;
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of ſaints,

Till I attain the image
Of him, I inly love;
And pay my grateful homage
With all the saints above.

5. Then I, with all in glory,
Will thankfully relate
Th' amazing pleasing story
Of Jesu's love so great:
In this blest contemplation
I ever shall be well;
And prove such consolation,
As none below can tell.

Ps. XCVIII. Come, Let us adore &c.

O JESUS, my Saviour, I fain would embrace
Thy name and thy nature, thy spirit and grace;
And trace the dear footsteps of Jesus my Lord,
And glory in him, whom the nations abhor'd.

2. O wonder of wonders! astonish'd I gaze
To see in the manger the Antient of days;
And angels proclaiming the stranger forlorn,
And telling the shepherds that Jesus is born.

3. My God, my Creator the heavens did bow
To ransom offenders, and stoop'd very low;
The body prepar'd by his Father assumes,
And on the kind errand most joyfully comes.

4. Mock'd, scorn'd, and derided, by few he's receiv'd;
To finish transgressions he's pained and griev'd:
My bliss he recover'd in that he was slain;
His blood-drops I reckon my life, and my gain.

5. For thousands of sinners the Lamb bow'd his head,
While hanging an ensign in garments so red:
My spirit rejoices, the work it is done;
My soul is redeemed; salvation is won.

6. My god is returned to glory on high;
When death makes a paſſage, then to him I'll fly;
I gladly will leave all my brethren behind,
Expecting in glory we all ſhall be join'd.

XCIX. Moſes & ye Lamb.

TH' extent of Jeſu's love
What heart can comprehend?
A breadth whoſe diſtance none can prove,
A length without an end.
The firſt-born Seraphs try
The myſt'ry to explore;
Yet cannot trace it out; for why?
The curſe they never bore.

2. The grace unſearchable,
Tranſcending human thought;
Who, who, in earth or heav'n can tell
Or find the wonder out?
All the angelic quire
Unite to give him praiſe;
And ſaints redeeming love admire,
And loud hoſannahs raiſe.

3. To Chriſt we lift our voice,
Who have redemption found;
And in his name alone rejoice,
Whence all our joys abound:
This cures the burden'd mind,
This calms the ruffled heart;
This manifeſts the Saviour's kind,
And bids our fears depart.

C.

MY Lord I'm fill'd with wonder
To find Thee ſtill ſo kind;
When I intenſely ponder
The coldneſs of my mind;

My numberleſs omiſſions,
My negligence in pray'r;
My manifold comiſſions,
And wand'rings here and there.

2. How many vile affections
Surviving vex my heart;
How ſtrong are theſe corruptions,
Which warring give me ſmart;
The world, the fleſh and devil
Strive to uſurp the ſway;
Still tempting me to evil,
To lead my ſoul aſtray.

3. In lieu of loud thankſgiving,
Wherein I ought t' abound;
I'm ſubject to complaining,
When trials me ſurround:
My want of reſignation
Diſorders me within;
Gives birth unto temptation,
To unbelief and ſin.

4. But ſoon I am aſhamed
Such thoughts to entertain;
Why ſhould, my Lord, be blamed,
Since I the faulter am?
Tis thine to be forgiving
The penitential race;
And mine to be receiving
The bounties of thy grace.

CI.

LORD, be mindful of our feeble frame,
For Thou once haſt fully tri'd the ſame;
All our weakneſs well Thou knows;
And of all our grief the cauſe,
We can never duly laud thy name.

2. Crucify us to the world and sin,
Cleanse us from all filthiness within;
Ev'ry vain desire controul;
And in spirit, body, soul
Consecrate us to thy love divine.

3. Fix thy temple, Saviour, in our breast;
Let our souls enjoy thy peaceful rest:
Bid us sweetly forward move,
Rooted, grounded in thy love;
And pronounce our souls for ever blest.

4. In temptation make us firmly stand;
Still obeying where Thou dost command;
Mortify the man of sin;
From the world our passions wean;
Hide us in the hollow of thy hand.

CII.

WE, thy children, ~~claim~~ crave thy special care
To preserve us from each cursed snare;
Spotless virgins let us be,
Simply loving only Thee,
Who our burdens on the cross didst bear.

2. Lord, assist us in the needful hour,
Screen us by thy promis'd aid and pow'r;
We are very weak and frail,
To our souls thyself reveal;
Keep us humble, and in spirit poor.

3. From each rival our affections loose;
Make us willingly to take up thy cross:
Save us from our nature's fire,
From the flames of fond desire;
Seal us, Saviour for thy happy spouse.

CIII.

LADEN'D with guilt sinners, arise,
And view your bleeding sacrifice;

Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.

2. Beneath your crimes the victim ſtood,
Sign'd your acquittances in blood;
Hereby ſtern juſtice is appeas'd;
Sinners, look up and be releas'd.

3. Mercy, peace, truth, and righteouſneſs
Beam from the reconciler's face;
Here look, till love diſſolve your heart,
And bid your ſlaviſh fears depart.

4. Oh! quit the world's deluſive charms,
And quickly fly to Jeſu's arms:
Wreſtle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

CIV. *I. A.*

ADAM enjoy'd the ſmiles of God,
While in his firſt eſtate he ſtood
Endu'd with qualities divine,
Free from the love and act of ſin:
But ſoon, alas! by Satan was deceiv'd,
And of his ſpotleſs purity bereav'd.

2. Malignant evils enter'd in,
Death was the conſequence of ſin;
And none in heav'n nor earth could ſtand
Beneath the ſtroke of juſtice's hand:
Created ſtrength herein could not prevail
To make atonement, and retrieve the fall.

3. But O amazing love! God's Son
Vouchſafes a human frame t' aſſume;
Submits to die, for rebels too,
To ſave them from impending woe:
The ſpotleſs victim falls——Meanwhile his blood
Breathes incenſe round about the throne of God,

4. Let saints and angels shout his praise,
Their voices to his honour raise;
While we, poor worms below, by faith
Enjoy the blessings of his death;
Life to celestial objects, death to sin,
A taste and evidence of things unseen.

CV. *I. R. & J. A.*

AUTHOR of my salvation,
To Thee I turn mine eye;
My refuge in temptation,
To Thee in haste I fly;
Tho' sin and Satan grieve me,
And sorely pain my heart;
Thou'rt able to relieve me,
And ease me of my smart.

2. Why should I be dismayed,
They, went the road before,
Who now in light arrayed
Are treading Sion's shore:
What is my first love's token
Slipt quite out of my mind?
Hath he his promise broken?
No: he's for ever kind.

3. My Lord, I'll wait thy pleasure,
And boldly march along;
And count Thee all my treasure,
And make Thee all my song:
Thy wounds and bloody sluices
My chearing cordials be,
Let their attractive uses
Unite my heart to Thee.

4. Just now with ardent wishes
I'd feed upon thy word;
And with ten thousand kisses
Embrace my loving Lord;

Till I attain the viſion
Of him, on whom I wait,
And bow with ſweet ſubmiſſion
Before his pierced feet.

CVI.

THE Lord hath ſworn, and cannot lye,
With corn and wine he will ſupply
His choſen in their need:
The paſcal Lamb is their repaſt,
The ſtranger thereof cannot taſte,
Nor on the manna feed.

2. Refreſh'd hereby, we never tire,
But ſtill his boundleſs love admire,
And his example trace:
The goſpel-lamp ſhall light us on
Until our warfare here be done,
And finiſh'd by his grace.

CVII.

O JESU, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich bleſſings convey'd thro' thy word.

2. In ſpirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace;
And chearfully join in a conſort of praiſe.

3. The Antient of days
His glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his choſen with cheriſhing rays.

4. The trumpet of God
Is ſounding abroad
The language of mercy; ſalvation thro' blood.

5. Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey;
And ſhare in the bleſſings of this Goſpel-day.

6. The people, who know
The Saviour below,
With burning affection to worſhip him glow.

7. Their anguiſh and ſmart
And ſorrows depart,
Who find his ſalvation inſcrib'd on the heart.

8. The people are bleſt
Who lean on his breaſt,
And ſhare in the foretaſte the promiſed reſt.

9. This bleſſing is mine
Thro' favour divine:
But O my Redeemer the glory be thine!

10. The work is of grace;
Thine, thine be the praiſe!
And mine to adore Thee and tell of thy ways.

CVIII. C.M.

HOW ſhall a vile offender,
A prodigal like me,
Proper thankſgiving render
Unto his mercy free;
(Whom I ſo often ſlighted
By my rebellious ways)
That I am not requited
With mis'ry all my days?

2. In mercy Thou paſs'd by me
When wallowing in my blood,
And drew the ſtranger nigh Thee;
And took away my load:
Thou broke my bands aſunder,
And diſpoſſeſs'd my fears,
Fill'd me with joy and wonder,
And melted me to tears.

3. In Thee I ſweetly center'd,
Thy mercy on me ſmil'd;
Till Satan ſlily enter'd,
And my weak heart beguil'd:
My preſent frames I valu'd
Which did a leanneſs bring;
The ſtream I keenly followed,
But overlook'd the ſpring.

4. Look on me tho' a traitor,
O my Redeemer dear!
Cleanſe my infected nature,
And all this rubbiſh clear:
Each fainting grace recover,
Apply the healing balm;
Speak my confuſion over;
My ruffl'd ocean calm.

5. Repeat thy mild correction,
Till Thou thy mind fulfil
On me, and force ſubjection
On my unruly will:
With grace my heart repleniſh
Henceforth, as heretofore,
That I my race may finiſh
With joy; and ſtray no more.

CIX. *I. A.*

WHEN I travail in diſtreſs,
Or grief of any kind,
Burden'd with uneaſineſs,
And anguiſh on my mind;
One ſweet ray of heav'nly light
Diſpells the clouds which intervene,
Turns to day the gloomy night,
And quite renews the ſcene.

2. My complaints with ſpeed remove,
My ſorrows turn to joy,
Songs of melody and love
Again my tongue employ;
Then I enter into reſt,
Again I call Immanuel mine;
And, like John, upon his breaſt
My weary head recline.

3. His bleſs'd arms are underneath
My weakneſs to ſuſtain,
In love's element I breath
Free from tormenting pain;
Here I find a reſting-place
To all the carnal world unknown,
Here I taſte the glorious peace
Felt by the ſaints alone.

CX. *J. A*

OFT I reflect upon the grace,
With tears of thankfulneſs,
Which call'd me from my native place,
The world's wide wilderneſs.

2. My precious time I vainly ſpent,
Subject to nature's ſway;
My corrupt carnal will was bent
Its motions to obey.

3. Thick darkneſs overſpread my mind,
I ſtumbled in the night;
All my affections were inclin'd
To creaturely delight.

4. God ſaw me, in this wretched caſe,
A ſlave to baſe deſire;
And by an act of ſpecial grace
The brand pluckt from the fire.

5. My heart, throughout defil'd by ſin,
The Holy Ghoſt renewed;

And each unruly ill within
Thro' conqu'ring grace ſubdu'd.

7. Satan's dominion he deſtroy'd,
And ſpoke me into peace;
My ſoul a perfect calm enjoy'd,
And ſolac'd in the bliſs.

8. Still may a ſenſe of mercies paſt
Provoke me unto praiſe,
And whet my appetite to taſte
The larger draughts of grace.

T. L. CXI. Children of the Heavenly King

LORD, avenge thy tempted ſaints,
For Thou canſt ſupply our wants;
Satan and a ſinful heart
Cauſe us many hours of ſmart.

2. We ſail on a troubled ſea,
Haraſs'd by the enemy:
Foes without, and foes within
Tempting daily unto ſin.

3. Satan uſes all his craft
On the right hand and the left;
World and fleſh and hell combine;
Jeſu, ſend thy help divine.

4. God his little remnant tries,
Salts with fire each ſacrifice:
But tho' tempeſts riſe afreſh,
Chriſt is in the burning buſh.

5. Lord, thy dealings we admire,
Thou'lt us ſave, but yet by fire:
Purge the droſs, the gold refine,
Stamp the ſame for current coin.

6. Jeſu, we can find no reſt,
But when leaning on thy breaſt;

And let this little infant be
Baptiz'd into thy death.

3. Oh! let thy unction on him reſt,
With grace his heart bedew;
And write within his tender breaſt
Thy name and nature too.

4. If Thou ſhould quickly end his race,
His place with Thee prepare;
Or if Thou lengthen out his days
Continue ſtill thy care.

5. Thy faithful ſoldier may he prove,
Begirt with truth divine,
A ſharer of thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

CXV.

Another.

THY bleſſing, deareſt Lord, we humbly crave
To reſt on him, we now baptized have;
Convey the inward grace, thy ſeal impreſs,
And fix within his heart thy dwelling-place.

2. Bedew him with that precious blood of thine,
And waſh the leper in the fountain clean:
Mould him into thy image, holy Lamb,
Tranſcribe upon his inward parts thy name.

3. With water man baptizeth; Thou with fire
To purge the droſs, and quicken each deſire;
Breathe then thy ſpirit and impart the pow'r,
And bleſs this [infant / or perſon] now and evermore.

CXVI.

At the SACRAMENT.

AT thy table, Lord, I now am preſent;
Me with choiceſt dainties feaſt;
Let thy fleſh and blood afford a pleaſant
And a heavenly repaſt:
My poor heart with heavenly manna nouriſh,
And my weak and fainting ſpirits cheriſh;
Let me eat celeſtial food,
Taſte and drink thy precious blood.

2. Lo! beneath thy feet I lie, like Mary,
Self-abas'd thro' love divine;
Never will I from this poſture vary,
Till my heart be one with thine:
Kiſs me with ten thouſand thouſand kiſſes,
Hold me faſt in thy love's ſweet embraces;
Till I ſup with Thee above
In the realms of pureſt love.

CXVII.

Another.

FAITHFUL Bridegroom, holy Lamb,
By thy church beloved;
Manifeſt thy ſweeteſt name,
To each heart approved.

2. Crown this ordinance of thine
With a ſolemn bleſſing;
Let our feaſt be all divine;
Each thyſelf poſſeſſing.

3. Let thy fleſh afford us food
Ev'ry grace to ſtrengthen;
Let our drink be Jeſu's blood
Nature's pow'r to weaken.

4. Cauſe that bleeding ſacrifice,
Once for ſinners given,
To appear before our eyes,
Earneſt of our heaven.

5. We partake the bread and wine,
Seals of our profeſſion;
Of the inward grace the ſign,
Symbols of thy paſſion.

6. We commemorate thy death,
While we are receiving;
Feeding in our hearts by faith
With unfeign'd thankſgiving.

CXVIII. J. A.

Another.

ENCOURAG'D by the word of grace,
We meet Thee at thy table, Lord,
Unveil thy lovely ſmiling face,
And one reviving look afford:
To us the bread of life be giv'n,
The bread which cometh down from heav'n.

2. We are unworthy, we confeſs,
One crumb of children's bread to taſte;
But cloathed in thy righteouſneſs,
We humbly venture to the feaſt:
Amidſt thy ſaints, dear Lord, appear,
And manifeſt thy preſence here.

3. With heav'nly food our ſouls refreſh,
To us be known in breaking bread;
Remind us how thy ſacred fleſh
Was torn our hungry ſouls to feed;
Remind us how thy precious blood
Was ſhed to ſeal our peace with God.

4. While we review thy pain and ſmart,
And name the wounds for us receiv'd;

Let humble praiſes fill each heart,
And ev'ry ſuppliant be reliev'd:
Let love thro' ev'ry veſſel flow,
And cauſe our inmoſt ſouls to glow.

CXIX.

Another.

CHRIST our paſſover is ſlain
For us a ſacrifice;
Thro' his death we live again,
And thro' his fall we riſe:
By a living faith we eat
His fleſh, and drink his precious blood:
This the happy chriſtian's meat,
And this the gift of God.

2. While the elements we view,
The ſymbols of thy death;
Let thy blood our hearts bedew,
And all our paſſions bathe;
Jeſus, Maſter of the feaſt,
Now cauſe the light of life to ſhine;
We implore Thee for a gueſt
To realize the ſign.

3. While the bread and wine we ſee,
We ſtreightly call to mind
How Thou languiſh'd on the tree
For us, and all mankind:
Sunk in deep amaze, we muſe
And ſtudy on thy boundleſs love,
Viewing ev'ry wound and bruiſe,
Till we the ſweetneſs prove.

CXX.

For a FUNERAL.

SHOULD mortal men in folly ſpend
And meaſure out their days,

Eſtrang'd from Chriſt the ſinner's Friend,
Unſanctified by grace:

2. Death will deſtroy their carnal hope,
And bring their portion near;
Their unconverted ſouls ſhut up
In darkneſs and deſpair.

3. Such, as the calls of grace deſpiſe,
And ſin away their day,
The fiery burning lake ſhall ſeize
For its eternal prey.

4. But they, who thro' a living faith
In Chriſt an int'reſt have,
Are bleſs'd in life, and bleſs'd in death,
And bleſs'd beyond the grave.

5. When death, that meſſenger of peace,
Diveſts them of their clay,
Their ſighs, and griefs, and ſorrows ceaſe
And vaniſh quite away.

6. Tranſlated to the realms of bliſs,
They view their Saviour's face;
And glory in the paradiſe
Of boundleſs love and praiſe.

7. They tune with one harmonious tongue
The honours of his name,
And join to ſing redemption's ſong
To God, and to the Lamb.

8. Worthy is he, they cry aloud,
To him all praiſe be giv'n,
Who bought us with his precious blood,
And drew our ſouls to heav'n.

CXXI.

Another. *I. W.*

THE Lord both gives and takes away,
And brings us to the tomb;

All human flesh shall soon decay,
And Jesus have his own.

2. To him be adoration paid,
Who gave us mortals breath,
On him, our happy souls be staid,
The antidote of death.

3. From age to age he gathers in
The travail of his soul;
Till he his purchas'd bride shall win,
And consummate the whole.

4. Then shall his kingdom come with pow'r,
His saints to honour rise,
Nor ever see corruption more,
But seize their calling's prize.

5. We then shall meet our friends again
Departed in the faith,
And jointly glorify the Lamb
Beyond the reach of death.

6. For this we look, for this we pray,
Come, Jesus, quickly come;
Hasten that happy awful day,
And take the pilgrims home.

CXXII.

Another. I. W.

THIS is the portion, this the lot,
The period this of human frame;
Naked into the world we'er brought,
Naked must we return again.

2. Vain man, remember thou art dust,
Thy health and strength shall soon decay;
Thou'rt only in this world a guest,
A trav'ller lodging by the way.

3. Thy life is reckon'd but a ſpan,
Thy fleeting hours are vrey few;
Death is the ſtated end of man,
We all are quickly haſt'ning too.

4. Fly then to Chriſt, in him thou'lt find
A guide throughout life's narrow path;
A ſtay and anchor for thy mind,
A convoy in the ſtorms of death.

CXXIII. *L.M.*

Longing to be DISSOLVED.

LORD, I long thy face to ſee,
Waiting for a call from Thee;
Which ſhall bid me leave my clay,
and aſcend to endleſs day.

2. Saviour, let me hear the cry,
Which beſpeaks thy coming nigh;
Let me ſoon depart from hence,
Let my bridal day commence.

3. Gladly with my lateſt breath
I would bid adieu to earth;
Gladly leave my all below,
And unto my Saviour go.

4. I am weary thro' thy ſtay,
Burden'd with a houſe of clay;
Grieving that I cannot praiſe,
As I would, thy acts of grace.

5. And already I deſpair
This to do, while I am here;
Send thy angels quickly down
To convey me ſafely home.

6. Lord, excuſe my earneſt pray'r,
And unto my ſuit give ear;
Tis thy grace that makes me cry,
Speak the word, and let me die.

7 Then, when Thou ſhalt once appear,
I ſhall meet Thee in the air;
Freed from ev'ry earthly load,
I ſhall ſee, and dwell with God.

8. Yet, my Lord, on Thee I'll wait,
Till it ſeems to Thee moſt meet
Me to call to Thee above,
There to ſing redeeming love.

CXXIV. *J. A.*

When ye ſee theſe THINGS, know that the END is nigh.

JEHOVAH, King of kings,
With whoſe eternal praiſe
All the celeſtial arches ring;
While ſaints adore thy grace;
Worthy alone art Thou
To be by all ador'd,
The king of peace and juſtice too,
Who weild'ſt the flaming ſword.

2. Thy judgments, now abroad
Throughout this earthly ſphere,
Declare a ſin-avenging God,
And ſpeak diſtreſs is near:
For our repeated crimes
The frame of nature groans;
While creatures, ſuff'ring for our ſins,
Expiring ſob in moans.

3. The earth doth travail too,
Well conſcious of the load;
And quaking ſtaggers too and fro
Before an angry God:
At his ſupreme command
She ſwallows quick and dead;
And deſolation ſeems at hand,
And judgment on our head.

4. The elements are seen
In a disorder'd jar;
The days of sorrow thus begin
With pestilence and war;
Dread famine draweth nigh
To scatter death abroad;
These great forerunners loudly cry,
"Prepare to meet thy God.

5. Where shall the sinners fly,
Or where a refuge find;
When tyrannizing death is nigh,
And hell stalks close behind:
In vain for help thy cry,
In vain themselves they screen,
For his all-seeing vengeful eye
Discerns their damning sin.

6. His grace they here withstood,
And mock'd his children dear;
They trampled on his precious blood,
And scorn'd to love or fear:
Therefore the God of pow'r
With burning vengance comes,
And will, in the decisive hour,
Declare their final doom.

7. Saints smiling hear th' alarm,
Which thunders thro' the air;
Their souls dependent on his arm,
His coming need not fear:
In that tremendous day
With boldness shall they stand,
Drest in the Saviour's bright array,
With joy at his right hand.

CXXV.

Another. Lo he cometh &c

NATURE stain'd with man's transgression
Trembling quakes and starts aside;

Howl ye careleſs unawaken'd,
Where oh! where now will you hide?
Earth the Mother ſwallows up her children quick.

2. Deſolation now is ranging
Round the world in various forms;
And Chriſt's ſervants are proclaiming,
Shelter in enſuing ſtorms:
Oh! take warning; come, this is the goſpel-day.

3. Earth's foundations now are reeling,
Shudd'ring ſtagger too and fro;
This the prelude of his coming
To redreſs his people's woe:
O ye virgins! trim your lamps; your Bridegroom

4. Wake! awake ye drowſy mortals,
Let your worldly projects die;
Hearken to theſe ſolemn warnings;
To the blood of ſprinkling fly:
Grieve his patience now no more; repent and live.

5. Scoff no more, ye perſecutors,
Lay ſelf-murd'ring weapons down;
Shortly ſhall both men and devils
His unbounded victʼry own:
Bring your homage; pay your grateful tribute down.

6. Sing, ye dear redeemed children,
Wait the dreadful happy hour;
Tho' the world be cruſh'd in ruin,
Jeſus lives for evermore:
Bleſs the Saviour, thank and praiſe the crucify'd.

CXXVI. C.M.

Behold he cometh with Clouds &c. *Rev.* 1 7

HARK, hark! methinks I hear a voice
Break thro' the ſkies in thund'ring roar;
He comes, he comes! O ſaints rejoice;
For time itſelf ſhall be no more.

2. Commiſſion'd from th' eternal hills,
Gabriel in ſolemn pomp deſcends;
The frightful blaſt all nature feels,
Each marble tomb aſunder rends.

3. Ye ſlumb'ring ſaints, ariſe, ariſe;
Go in and take your promis'd bliſs:
A Chriſt, a crown, a paradiſe,
Your happy portion ever is.

4. From the dark confines of the deep,
Appears Jehovah's happy bride;
The pris'ners, waking from their ſleep,
Ariſe to walk at Jeſu's ſide.

5. Array'd ſhe mounts the azure ſkies,
Fearleſs cloſe by the throne doth ſtand;
Receives her calling's glorious prize
Preſented by the Father's hand.

6 But ſinners, who refuſed here
The marriage-garment to put on,
Shudd'ring muſt naked then appear
To meet th' irrevocable doom.

7. See then, earth's maſſy pillars ſhake,
Which millions now of ſouls ſuſtain;
Crackling a frightful noiſe they make,
When ſeiz'd by the devouring flame.

8. The flames in curling volumes riſe,
And ſpace immenſurable fill;
Glaring aloft up to the ſkies,
And glowing on from hill to hill.

9. The glitt'ring curtains of the ſky
Singed then, will like a ſcrowl be hurl'd;
With noiſe the heavens away will fly,
And drop into a burning world.

10. Each dazling lamp, each fiery ball,
Which twice three thouſand years have run;

From their reſpective orbs ſhall fall,
And tumble in confuſion down.

11. The trembling rocks the ſtroke ſhall feel,
And tott'ring then diſtorted fall;
Nature's whole frame around will reel,
Until the flame hath burnt up all.

12. The briny ſurges of the deep,
Whoſe cooling property is o'er,
Away the lambient flames ſhall ſweep,
And fiercely claſh from ſhore to ſhore.

13. Where, wretch, will be thy boaſting then?
How wilt thou ſhun the avenging rod?
Where wilt thou fly thyſelf to ſcreen,
When 'raign'd before an angry God?

14. Here thou could'ſt boaſt thyſelf, and ſay,
Tuſh, tuſh, the Lord doth not regard;
From offer'd grace thou turn'dſt away,
And ſo from glory art debarr'd.

15. When him unveil'd thine eye ſhall ſee,
Anguiſh and pain ſhall fill thy heart;
Thou to his bar muſt ſummon'd be,
And hear the heavy word, "depart.

16. And will this ſolemn day appear?
Muſt all before him ſtand arraign'd?
Fly then, oh! fly to Jeſus dear,
Whoſe mercy does thy ſin tranſcend.

17. Come ſinner then, obey his voice,
Who died in time to ſave mankind;
When he appears thou'lt then rejoice,
And leave a flaming world behind.

CXXVII. *W. 13.*

FIGHT the good fight of FAITH. 1. *Tim.* 6. — 12.

YE people, who wonder at me and my ways,
And cenſure and judge and condemn me always;

If you will but hear and believe, I'll relate
My name, and adventures, and my present state.

2. I came from the loins of the first sinner man;
Tho' born so far from him, yet like him I am;
And unto his misery, contracted by th' fall,
Was born heir at law; 'twas entail'd on us all.

3. Our Father thus bankrupt, was turn'd out of door,
And I from his loins came a debtor and poor;
The contract he broke was to him and his heirs,
And thus my first name to be sinner appears.

4. My surname to sinner was dark, dead and blind,
Poor, guilty, condemn'd, and to prison consign'd;
Or a pris'ner of hope, who had freedom to rove
To seek for a friend, who a sinner could love.

5. Whilst wand'ring forlorn in my own native sphere,
I heard a strange voice, saying, get thee elsewhere;
Leave country and kindred, and come after me,
And thou a salvation most glorious shalt see.

6. No person I saw but the voice I obey'd,
And follow'd not knowing by whom or where led;
Still one to the eyes of my mind did appear
All bloody and wounded with whips, nail and spear.

7. I soon did perceive by his carriage and form,
'Twas Jesus the Saviour with outstretched arm;
Who scatter'd my fears, and remov'd all my guilt,
And bid me rejoice in his blood for me spilt.

8. He changed my garments, and gave me a name,
Hephzibah he call'd me; and kindl'd a flame
Of pure burning love in my cold heart of stone;
Mine eyes he anointed with salve of his own.

9. Afar off I then saw Immanuel's land
More charming, tho' distant, than any at hand:
Inflam'd with desire, I long'd to be gone;
He arm'd me, and girt me, and bid me press on.

10. And now, like a travelling pilgrim, I'm bound
To the holy land, where true joys can be found:
My soul's resolution is never to faint,
Till thro' dissolution the pilgrim's a saint.

11. A race I'm running, and hope to obtain;
The world in its course does oppose me in vain:
Between the heats oft I gain cordials of grace,
Which giant-like make me rejoice in the race.

12. A wrestler I am, and my combatants be
Not flesh and blood only, from which I could flee;
But spirits invisible wicked and high,
Which I must or conquer or certainly die.

13. My sword and my breast-plate, and helmet and shield,
I buckle around me when ent'ring the field;
Nor can all these save me, except that the Lord
Jehovah his strength everlasting afford.

14. I wrestle and strive, and I fight and I run;
Oh! may I ne'er faint till the battle is won;
But thro' the Lamb's blood more than conqueror prove,
And triumph at last in the heaven of love.

CXXVIII. *Come Let us adore*

Be SOBER, be VIGILANT. 1 *Peter.* 5. 8.

YE brethren and sisters who're called by grace,
Thro' plainness of preaching, to seek the Lords face;
And come up from Egypt the land to possess
Which flows with salvation and rivers of peace:

2. Tho' great is our warfare, yet just is our war,
We fight for that world whereof Abraham was heir:
Tho' great was his offspring, and num'rous as stars,
For each there's a blessing, a portion, and share.

3. What tho' we're but few and our enemies strong,
Our Captain is great, and the war is not long;

He faints not like Moſes but holds up his hands,
Till ſafely his ſeed are brought home to their land.

4. Let all our minds be as the mind of one Man,
United in love and determin'd to gain:
When hearts and when hands are all joined in one,
Then trembles the nations as Iſrael paſs on,

5. Remember to ſprinkle each conſcience with blood,
This ſaves from deſtruction and maketh all good:
The myſtery of godlineſs lieth herein,
Tis blood and blood only which cleanſeth from ſin.

6. Regard not the great nor their favour eſteem,
Unleſs of the croſs they will ſubjects become:
When riches amongſt us can purchaſe a name,
The plague it is enter'd and ſpreading again.

7. Beware of the wiſdom which reigns among men,
This darkens the goſpel is cheating, and vain:
As fine painted glaſs while it dazzles the eyes,
Obſtructeth the light which ſhould come from the ſkies.

8. Stand faſt in the goſpel, and its liberty,
Cloſe join'd unto Jeſus may ev'ry heart be:
The point for the happy eternity's now,
We reap at the laſt as in time we do ſow.

9. All thoſe of the general aſſembly above,
Who now with the Seraphs are flaming in love;
Were once in diſtreſs in this valley of tears,
And came to their bliſs thro' aboundance of fears.

10. Thro patience and faith after them let us preſs,
And trace from their footſteps the high way of grace:
Tis now called day but the night will ſoon come,
When labour muſt ceaſe and the lab'rers go home.

When labour must

FINIS.

2d Edition 1761 has this same number of hymns
p. 136 page — & then an Appendix p. 20—

Names of the Revolutionary Heroes

Forty letters from Hon. Jas. Bk of ...
James Lawler

Ed by James Allen while still ...
Inglewood

Authors who contributed

Jas Allen
Chas St. Bailey
Wm St Bailey
Thos Rawson
Jas Hartley
Jno Hyward
Wm Hartley
Benj Inglewood
J. Mc-

In this city within ... months
from Allens murdered city

1st Ed 125 pp
2nd 142
3rd ... pp

See
Middle ...

Publication
of
Hymns
in two parts.
Dublin 1803

Part First

By William Batty - pp. 1-106. Hymns CXVII

The following hymns are published by Christopher Batty. Hymn 203
Hymn CXV. Pentecostal Anthem p. 205. p. 109

1. 'Lo.' he cometh, countless, trumpets
Blow before the bloody sign;
mid ten thousand saints & angels
See the Crucified shine.
Hallelujah. Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb.
2. Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appears;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Come to Judgment, stand before the Son of man.
3. Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought & sold him,
Pierced & nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, shall the sight sustain,
Saints take warning, trim your lamps, the
Bridegroom comes.
4. All who know not the atonement,
nor that faith which Jesus gives,
must be plunged in endless torment,
Still with horror & surprise.
Now take warning; therefore hear;
believe & live.